

4-8-98

Special Features This Issue
Julia May Cruises the Everglades
Snow Row '98 - Adapting Windsurfer Rigs



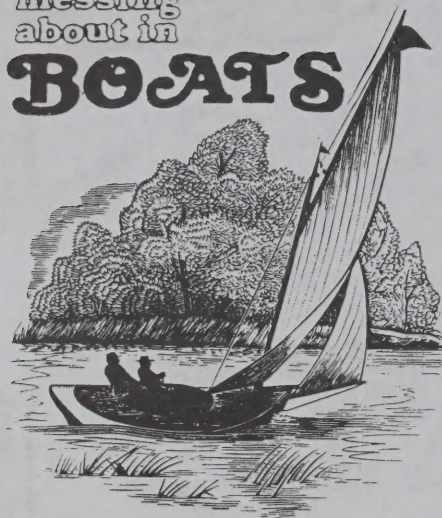
messing about in BOATS

Volume 15 - Number 23

April 15, 1998



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April 15, 1998

In Our Next Issue...

I will have a first hand report on "The Maine Boatbuilders' Show" in late March; and Jim Luton will tell us about a very different sort of gathering, "The 1998 World Multihulls Symposium" in Florida.

Depending on how much space these require we will follow through with some of the following:

Rick Klepfer's "Musings From Mustique" winds up while Lewis Freeman's "By Waterways to Gotham" motors on. Space permitting, Jim Thayer returns with another adventure tale, "Utah Lake".

Three design stories that got bumped from this issue are next in line: Davie Moore's "Unsinkable Survival Craft"; Bernie Wolfard's "Northwest Boat Kits"; and Doug MacNary's "Malibu Outriggers". Given room, Jim Luton will supplement his multihull symposium report with "One Legged Alien", about his own outrigger sialing canoe.

John Thomson's "Boat Design" series continues with Part II, "Boat Drawing".

I better stop here while still within the bounds of reality.

On the Cover...

A close finish for three back markers in Hull's Snow Row '98 illustrate the variety of pulling boats that turn out for this season opening event near Boston. More photos and comments are featured in this issue.

Commentary...

On February 28th I went to the Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts. The sunny 50 degree day misled many of us into thinking it was drawing near to on-the-water time again. As I write this about two weeks later on March 13th it is 10 degrees outside. A setback. The warmer March sun at least dispels total deep freeze and April is but two weeks away, so we just have to tough it out.

Being near the water at Hull, if not on it yet, drew forth the dormant appeal that has been hidden away all winter. The ocean is only three miles from here but I haven't even seen it most of the winter except peripherally on some local trips that took me into the shoreside communities adjacent to mine. An occasional peek out onto a steel gray sea empty of all activity was about it. But at Hull here were all these neat boats full of adventurous folks out there on a nice flat slightly rippling sunny bay. Gotta get back to this.

I'm making a start with some advance planning for some summer kayaking outings I will be involved with, taking inner city developmentally disabled people paddling. I originally hooked up with Outdoor Explorations doing hiking trail projects as part of their Wild Work programs, again introducing inner city people with disabilities to opportunities that await them in the "wilds" of our suburban woodlands. Their water based programs involved canoeing, not my thing.

Last year they commenced a sea kayaking program on small protected ponds at several state parks near Boston. I helped a bit but did not get really involved as it again was not really a good opportunity to bring kayaking experience to these folks. Too bland, too limited.

I did participate in their pre-season volunteer training pool sessions and felt them to be superficial. The volunteers who would be guiding their clients on these outings would be woefully inexperienced paddlers themselves. The belief that paddling canoes or kayaks was something anyone can learn in a couple of hours of indoor instruction was firmly in place. On the warm waters of protected summer ponds this was not too serious a deficiency and no unfortunate experiences occurred.

Now in 1998 with a new, experienced paddler in charge of the program, they intend to take clients onto the ocean after a day on a pond for basic practice. The chosen ocean is a protected bay near me, Essex Bay. Still, this will be a more demanding experience, with tides, winds, and powerboat wakes on the Sundays we'll be out there.

I say we because I will be more involved than ever now. With an experienced kayaker/outdoor adventure professional running the program, we will undertake a much more serious training program for the volunteers. My role is as a senior leader, volunteer work. I will help in the pool sessions and on the June weekend real world training trip for the volunteers. We will have

new Necky doubles with full bulkheaded flotation instead of the budget open doubles of last year with tiny float bags tucked into the ends.

While much of this is still in the future, the problem of access to Essex Bay for our fleet of eight double kayaks every Sunday from mid-July through mid-September arose. Essex Bay is not easy to get onto at all tides. The town provides no public access at all aside from the town ramp, where only residents may obtain parking stickers. At low tide the ramp is mud and rock. It is hardly a place to try to unload and organize this fleet with its inexperienced passengers amongst the steady ramp traffic of trailer-boats. And the tidal river leading to the bay is a highway of powerboats on a nice summer Sunday.

What to do? Finding the answer to this question has drawn me back to the water as I explore possibilities around the Bay for our access. I have paddled there several times and know it best amongst those I am working with. Only two other fairly accessible locations came to mind. One, a small gravelly beach on the neck of a peninsula, had sticker parking only of course, but I found at low tide it was mud, that it would require about two hours either side of low to find accessible water. The trips have to go by the clock, 10am to 3pm, so we cannot time them to the tides.

The other location I have used, but it had been muddy walking at low tide. I was surprised to find when I checked it now that the road that ends at the channel actually runs down into it and alongside beneath the adjacent salt marsh and was now free of any significant mud coating. At low tide it was still hard gravel packed right to the channel bottom. Looking at an old chart I saw that the road was shown as a dotted line extension right to an island. It must have been an old saltmarsh hay harvesting road used at low tides by local farmers.

The paved road ends in a gravel parking lot flooded at high tide, and this is also posted sticker parking only. But, interestingly enough, the narrow roadsides leading to it are not posted, and my past experience found always a few cars parked at roadside apparently unticketed. So we did the same without penalty. But, you never know in these small towns about things like roadside parking. I also learned a long time ago not to ask about such things if you're an out-of-towner. They tell you to use the town ramp, park in the municipal lot downtown and walk back the half mile to where you left your boat.

So here I am again, prowling the shore, exposed to the allure of the water. It looks good, but I know it is still very cold indeed. I have to content myself for a while yet with working out a reliable access for our ambitious summer program. But maybe this will get me on the water early this year, and thus more often. We'll see.

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M 585



Small Boat SAFETY

By Tom Shaw, U.S.C.G.A.

Alternate Means of Propulsion

One of the requirements for vessels of less than 16' seeking the Auxiliary's Courtesy Marine Examination "Seal of Safety" is "alternate means of propulsion," that is, an oar or a paddle. I am constantly surprised by the number of small boats, both sail and power, that lack this essential piece of equipment. Last Saturday's Safety Patrol provided a graphic illustration of why it is so necessary.

At Wrightsville Beach, North Carolina, a drawbridge crosses the Intercoastal Waterway. Just north of the bridge, the ICW curves slightly so boats on the south side do not have a clear view "upstream." Because of dockside restaurants, three marinas, and two fuel docks, the area immediately south of the bridge is always extremely congested.

To complicate matters, tugs push heavily laden barges from north to south. Under the best of conditions it is not easy for these tows to "shoot the bridge" and, especially with an outgoing tide, they cannot stop and they have

no room to maneuver. It is an area I always navigate with caution as it seems to me the potential for an accident is high indeed.

Back to Saturday, *Auxiliary 551* was heading north through this congested area. Ahead of us, some 75 yards south of the bridge, was a small (and elderly) 15' outboard. The skipper was frantically pulling the starting cord to no avail. The passenger was waving with an element of desperation. Other recreational vessels were paying no attention whatever! And, of course, there was no paddle on board to move the vessel out of the channel.

It was a simple matter for 551 to pass a line and tow this boat to a nearby ramp. In actual fact, there was no real danger to anyone since no southbound barge was approaching. There was only minor inconvenience as an Auxiliary boat was on scene. Indeed, the whole episode took 15 minutes from first sighting to safe docking. But, had there been a barge coming through the bridge, the situation would have been very, very different.

It turned out that this was the first trip out for that outboard. She had not been run since last year and the fuel line had deteriorated and starved the engine of gas, a simple repair to effect.

There are two morals to this brief story. First, get a free "Courtesy Marine Examination" of your boat so you can be certain that appropriate safety equipment (including "alternate means of propulsion") is on board and accessible. Second, before you make that first cruise of the season give your engine, your rigging, and your lines a thorough check. *Auxiliary 551* or her sister patrol vessels may not be around when you need them most.

If you have an outboard, please do not mount your fire extinguisher right next to the engine (as I see on so many small boats). If there ever is a fire, you will not be able to get to it.

"The Old Ed Stories"

By Eric P. Russell

Readers wishing to contribute stories to the *Old Ed Stories* can send them to me at 2664 E. 18th St., Apt. 3F, Brooklyn, NY 11235. Those accepted will be cited in print and will receive a copy of the book when published.



Departing in Style

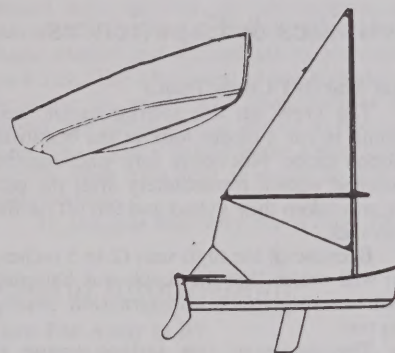
Many events in a sailor's life revolve around life and death. Being away as much as we are by the nature of the job, our whole relationship with those on shore is episodic. As a result, the things that stand out are the high and low points.

I once got a message to come home as my Aunt Gertrude was low and sinking fast. I got there just before she went out with the tide. She called me to the bedside and made her last request of me. She wanted to be sent off proper, with a simple box of the best wood available locally. Fifty years earlier, when Gertrude was younger, that would have meant

a box made of a locally grown wood, probably pine of some sort, put together by one of the family. The least that would be acceptable to the neighbors now would be a mahogany box made by Seth Wright, the local carpenter.

In addition to being the local carpenter, Seth was also the local boatbuilder. It being after Thanksgiving, the ground was too hard to dig, so we put Gertrude in one of the outbuildings where she would keep until spring thaw. Everything went on hold until then. I went to Seth and ordered up a mahogany box to be ready when I came back in time to beat the thaw. Seth warned me that he would be

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tied up all winter on a fleet of dinghies that the local yacht club had ordered for youth training to be ready for the blessing of the fleet. He said he'd work it in somehow.

I came back late in March and began to make arrangements for the wake and all. Things were going well until I got to Seth's. The coffin wasn't ready. Seth had taken a fall in January and was way behind building the dinghies. He had ordered the mahogany but had gotten no further. Repeat orders had to come first, and Gertrude wasn't going to order anything else from him.

Having known Seth since we were both boys in town, I knew there was only one argument that would have any effect on him. I went to the State Store and got a few bottles of rum, the good stuff from the islands, and went back to the shop.

Seth looked sharp at me when he heard the clink of glass in my sack but didn't say anything. He just kept working full speed on those dinghies. I uncorked all four bottles and poured some into glasses for him and for me. By the time I had finished my first drink and had my feet up on the stove, I could see he was wavering. As I got myself around my third drink, he came over and joined me "just for one drink, mind you. I've got work to do." Soon after that the fog rolled in.

When the fog cleared, I woke with a godawful head. Bottles lay on the shop floor empty. On trestles sat a masterful coffin. The mahogany looked truly glorious. The joinery was almost invisible. It was a work of art, right down to the centerboard trunk.

You write to us about...

Activities & Experiences...

That March 1 Cover Photo

The crew on the sailing canoe was coming in for a closer look at the beautiful wooden canoe. Not being sure who was the burdened vessel, immediately after the picture was taken they gybed and fell off on the other tack.

Because of the high seas (2 to 3 inches) you will notice that the hatch was battened down causing much consternation among the crew.

The name of the sailing canoe is *Peever*, hailing port Dewitt, New York, Bill Fuller, master.

William R. Fuller, 103 Robbins Ln., Dewitt, NY 13214

LCMM Small Boat Show

Our Tenth Annual Small Boat Show will be held at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum on July 11th and 12th. The core of the show is handmade boats and accessories. The primary purpose of the event is to showcase the wares of regional boat builders and related crafts people and to do so in an interesting, attractive and festive setting. We hope to see 30 exhibitors and 50+ boats at this year's gathering and upwards of 2000 visitors. As usual, exhibitors will be provided space under tents in our central quadrangle and will be invited to do demonstrations of their craft. Boats can be tried out in the water of North Harbor, just down the hill from the main exhibit area.

The Museum's setting on the shore of Lake Champlain is beautiful. Add to that good food, live music, children's activities, and all the regular museum exhibits and you have the ingredients of a great weekend for visitors and exhibitors alike. And again this year we'll have the Second Annual Lake Champlain Challenge, a 3-mile race for rowing and paddling craft to be held on Sunday, July 12, during the show. Last year's race, the first, was very popular. We think this event will draw even more serious boat people to the show this year.

Interested readers and boatbuilders are invited to inquire for further details.

Don Dewees, Show Coordinator, Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, RR3, Box 4092 Vergennes, VT 05491

Happening at IYRS

The Replica of *HM Bark Endeavour*: The 18th century ship that Captain James Cook sailed around the world on one of history's most celebrated voyages of discovery, will visit our International Yacht Restoration School in Newport, Rhode Island during its seven month, 16 stop tour of the east coast. *Endeavour* is due to arrive at IYRS' docks on July 25. During her two week stay the public will be allowed to board and sample life at sea more than 200 years ago.

The *Endeavour* replica was built in Australia to the specifications of Cook's ship from plans held by the British National

Maritime Museum. Commissioned In 1994, the replica is operated by the *HM Bark Endeavour* Foundation as a floating museum. The ship's first visit to North America is sponsored by the National Geographic Society.

The ship will be manned by an amateur and professional crew. Members of the public may apply to be selected to join the amateur crew for the voyages between the North American ports and for the transatlantic voyage. Onboard conditions are as near as possible to those of the 18th century, although *Endeavour* is fitted with engines and modern navigational and safety equipment as well as modern heads and showers.

While she is docked at IYRS, visitors may tour *Endeavour* to view artifacts and replicas of the cabins as they were used by Cook and the scientific party, officers and crew. Volunteer guides will explain the workings of the ship and the conditions in Captain Cook's time.

Coronet World Cruise, March 22, 1888 to April 25, 1889: A number of remarkable events occurred during *Coronet's* 13 month world cruise over 100 years ago. These included: 1. *Coronet* became the first private U.S. yacht to round Cape Horn. 2. King Kalakaua and his royal entourage boarded in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii). 3. Emperor Mitsuhiro visited onboard in Yokohama, Japan. 4. The Sultan, Prince and the Secretary of State visited in Singapore.

Not caring for the voyage past Cape Hatteras or rounding "The Horn", Bush and guests traveled from Brooklyn to San Diego by land, vacationing in California until *Coronet's* arrival. During the world tour *Coronet* and her crew visited:

Honolulu, Sandwich Islands; Yokohama, Japan; Hong Kong; Singapore Roads; Colombo, Ceylon (Sri Lanka); Bombay, India; Aden (Arabia); The Red Sea; Suez City; Suez Canal; Great Bitter Lake; Malta; Madeira; Brooklyn.

IYRS, 449 Thames St., Newport, RI 02840, (401) 848-5777

Projecting a Proper Demeanor

The subject of the old "thunder mug" so courageously introduced by Norm Benedict in his "Project Concepts Galore" letter in the March 1 issue brought to mind some ideas. Back in the old days dumping the "gash bucket" (lots of euphemisms connected to this subject) overboard was standard procedure, but nowadays we know that as little as one bucketful can contaminate a whole bed of shellfish.

For years I carried a one gallon snap top plastic paint bucket under the cockpit seat of my 7'10" cruiser *Sleeper*. Now a small portable toilet occupies this space and is often useful even on short daysails. Provided one projects the proper demeanor, a person in need may make good use of a potty placed below the open hatch. A poncho or jacket enhances the experience.

One cold spring morning I was doing just that when a whole ferry load of com-

muters came around the corner. I waved. I suppose letters to the editor will now pour in saying, "I was on that ferry, so that's what you were doing!"

Derek Van loan, Mill Valley, CA

Needs...

Seeking Small Sailboat

The Boy Scout summer camp that serves my area has a fleet of aluminum outboard skiffs that serve as their rowboats. They row about as sweetly as so many mortar beds, and this gives the young scouts a very wrong idea of what rowing is all about.

Over the last four years, therefore, I have ferreted out and refurbished five rowboats of different types, and donated them to the camp. This has spurred growing interest in rowing. A couple of staff members rowed in college and the two sliding seat craft I found and fixed up thrilled them; These fellows use them to introduce youths to the real kind of rowing.

On talking with the waterfront staff, I find they would now love to have a real small sailboat added to the fleet. They have some Sailfish and a sailing catamaran, but no traditional type on the order of a Blue Jay, Beetle Cat or Turnabout. So I'm seeking the donation of something of this general type. The pond is half a mile across and often gets a good southwest breeze coming up from Buzzards Bay. I can do wood and fiberglass work and can refurbish something in doggy condition, but would rather not get involved with a real restoration job.

Also, they'd very much like to have a basic sea kayak. Nothing sophisticated, but one good enough on which to learn the basics of handling this type of craft.

If anyone has anything within reasonable distance of my town I'd be happy to hear from them.

Bob Whittier, P.O. Drawer T, Duxbury, MA 02331

Sailing Canoes & Frostbiters

I would appreciate receiving information on old Grumman sailing canoe rigs and also on Alden X Class frostbite sailing dinghies, or addresses of owner organizations for these boats.

Phil Williams, 1352 Tulpitree Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95403

Opinions...

About That Multihull Business

I got to take issue with you about that multi-hull business a little bit. With light planing sailboats small enough so that the weight of a single sailor can offset the heeling force of a good little piece of wind, catamarans are no competition in winds under fifteen knots. Our own little old boat will only fall behind all those catamarans down at the coast when the wind is enough to lift the weather hull almost out of the water and then only when the cat is very capably sailed. There is one twenty some-odd foot trimaran down there that looks like a rocket ship and it won't outrun our boat under any conditions and ours is only 14' (14'2" x 42-1/2" x 78lbs x 58sf).

One of my sons is twitching to build an extra-light outrigger boat. Since the ama is so small, its immersion so easy to manipulate, we believe that such a boat is the trick to outrun any sailboat under any conditions. A small catamaran ain't much boat unless there is plenty of wind and around here, about the only time that happens is in the winter and that little net thing they got that you have to sit on.....

I'm not sure about big multihulls, but I will give you this from my experience. Our wives are schoolteachers (that's how we get to stay in the boatbuilding business). When summer comes, we cut and run for the south Bahamas in our old '60's era ragged sailboats (Morgan 30 and Cape Dory 25). That way we don't get to spend any money or lose any money building boats.

One time, on the way down there in the Gulf, we kept coming up on this pretty good sized catamaran going in the same direction. There aren't too many anchorages along that coast, so we kept seeing them. They were kind of aloof acting and we were in a hurry so we would jump on the land breeze as soon as it got up and stay with the sea breeze as long as we could and never got to socialize with them. They left the Keys the morning of the same day we did (we left at night, out channel five below lower Matecumbe) and we never saw them again until we got ready to come back at the beginning of August.. still in a hurry.

We came in at Stuart, put the propeller on, and motored through the Okeechobee waterway right behind them. We anchored in the same little holes along the waterway and found out the story. They were schoolteachers too and, like us, were about broke by then. Turns out that they had two Evinrude 9.9's on there and they had burned nine hundred bucks worth of gas on the trip. Had to sell one of the outboards to get gas enough to get through Okeechobee.

When we got to Pine Island Sound, I jumped in the water and took the propeller back off and they tilted up the remaining 9.9 and we sailed off and left them for good. Of course, they weren't "state of the art" but neither are we. That happens all the time when we go sailing. The only time a catamaran or trimaran will average well enough to stay with us is when they run the engine. It might be a different story in the trade winds or winter time or spring but, most of the time, the East Coast in the summertime just ain't multi-hull weather.

To help with the argument and prepare for incoming opinions: I outran a catamaran with a tug and two 40,000 bbl. barges full of gasoline one time. It was in the narrow channel at Navarre, Florida. Two "sailors" pushed this little beach cat off the beach and attempted to outrun the tug and barges (happens all the time). Old tug was one of the old direct reversing single engine jobs and by the time I could get the engine re-crunk in reverse, we were about to run over them. When the engine finally got to running backwards good, all I could see was the top of the mast and sail ahead of the front barge.

Damned tug started walking off to starboard like single engine boats do when they are trying to back down. I had to make a judgement decision about if I was gonna tear up a bunch of people's docks and screen

houses and maybe contaminate the pretty water with gas in a futile attempt to stop. I just re-crunk in forward so I could steer and ran over the whole mess, two fools and all. That Hobie Cat made the old boat switch its ass for about ten minutes (we call that "walking cute" down here) before it disintegrated enough so the propeller got sort of balanced back.

I don't know what became of the two fools. I called the Coast Guard and told them that I couldn't stop right there, right then, and for them to get in touch if they needed me. Never heard a thing.

The point to this story is... I never have had to run over a single hulled sailboat. They didn't have jet skis back then but I have heard that some of the people who operate them are just as stupid. They'll get out in front of a tow and put their lives in the hands of a two-cycle engine. One good thing about them though. I hear they don't get hung up on the wheel quite as bad as a Hobie Cat.

Robb White, Thomasville, GA

It Couldn't Possibly Work

It is revealing to realize, based upon the explanation of Mississippi Bob Brown, in "Shorter Strokes" on page 4 of the February 15 issue that a propeller on a boat or an airplane couldn't possibly work because it would be pushing the water or air crosswise to, rather than along with, the direction of boat or airplane travel. A bird couldn't fly forwards, only up or down because his wings move only up and down. And transom notch sculling wouldn't work because the moves sideways.

I suggest a test: Take two Alden Ocean Shells with Oarmaster rowing rigs installed. Limit the stroke of one set of oars by tying snubbing ropes from the oar tip to the boat. Then have a race.

Stephen duPont, FL

I Love Lauan Ply

Friends in the building supply business tell me that both interior and exterior lauan are manufactured. Some retailers sell both kinds. Here in Maine "exterior" sells for about \$11. The plywood buyer for one nearby lumber yard told me that he always buys exterior grade, but I have never seen a grade stamp on lauan! I think if you buy lauan, you never know what you're getting.

I love the stuff. I have built several boats with it over many years, and all have lasted very well. My Bolger "Windsprint" is six years old, worn through to bare wood in many places, stored outside without cover every sailing season, and shows no sign of delamination.

I can see no reason to make, buy, or use interior grade lauan. Water leaking under a kitchen sink could cause the floor to fall apart. Isn't the stuff supposed to be underlayment? Not wanting my next boat to fall apart, I now test every sheet I use. I cut a small sample and soak it in water in a can on the radiator in the shop. Some samples have been in water so long they have sunk. After soaking for a few weeks I let them dry on the radiator, then back in the water. So far no delaminations, after many cycles.

I still like lauan, but wish there was an easy way to tell interior from exterior.

Stan Blake, Boatbuilder, Hampden, ME

Wee Boats

While sheet steel was utilized in the 6' long vessels described in "Tin Boats In The Thousand Islands" by J. Peter Hughes in the February 15 issue, aluminum and perhaps plastic sheets would be worth evaluating. I would also suggest, as an experienced builder of "Wee" boats, that the spreaders be made longer and moved aft to provide a back rest. The plan view of the hull should be about the same. The hand paddles are useful, but fastening the shakes to five foot long square stock would make a nice kayak paddle. With a tin boat, it would be wise to add flotation.

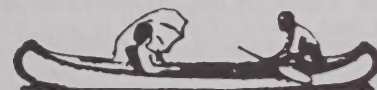
H. Douglas MacNary, Knoxville, TN

Useful Information...

How Far Away Is It?

In "Musings From Mustique" in the January 15 issue, Rick Klepfer inquired, "There must be a formula for figuring out how far a distant light is, based upon height of eye and height of light." Out of curiosity, I derived an approximate equation. If E is the height of the eye in feet and L is the height of the light in feet, then the distance D to the light in miles is $D = 1.22 \times (\text{SQRT}(E) + \text{SQRT}(L))$. (SQRT(E) is shorthand for take the square root of E.) For example, if your eye is 9' above the water and the light is 100' above the water, $D = 1.22 \times (3 + 10) = 15.9$ miles. This equation is accurate enough even if the light is on the space shuttle.

Roger H. James, 13 Farm Hill Rd., Wallingford, CT 06492



KAYAKS

Wilderness Systems - Old Town

CANOEES

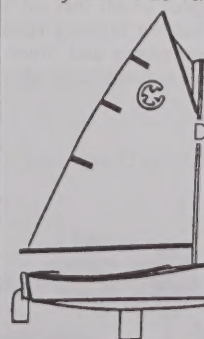
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FERNALD'S MARINE

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This is an account of the high points on two consecutive cruises through Florida's Everglades to the Keys aboard the *Julia May*, a Bolger Long Micro. Her launch and a few other of her adventures have been reported in this magazine in bygone issues.

I first heard of the Everglades whilst a youngster in northern Minnesota. My Sunday school teacher, as well as my high school principal, were owners of Camp Mishawaka, and I attended it for eight transcendent weeks in the summer of '54, transcendent for, at the age of 14, I learned to sail, and most of all to sail alone, to go where I wanted to go without roads confining me or anyone telling me which way to go. It was magic then, and to this day it still is.

Of the many memorable counselors/characters at Mishawaka (they were all called uncles), the most memorable was Kent Curtis. In his early 70's at the time, a bit paunchy with a hint of a British accent and trim mustache, he had been a fighter pilot in WW I, had taken his own 30' or so sailboat (I recall that it looked much like Day's seabird yawl) to Tahiti before WW II, had endless tales of Paul Bunyan and his northern Titans, knew more bizarre songs than anyone else at camp (many of them of Noel Coward/Robert Benchley sophistication.) But best of all, Kent was in charge of sailing. The camp had a great collection of wooden boats in those pre-fiberglass days, Nippers, X-boats, and Wood Pussies. And as you might expect, he was the idol of many of the boys, even though he was much older than the other counselors.

Following WW I, he spent a few years in Europe where he wrote both adult and youth fiction. Apparently, though I didn't know this until later, after I myself fell in love with Florida's Pine Island Sound, he spent many years on Captiva long before you could get there by car. As Mishawaka's patriarch, he had his own cabin and it was a genuine wonder. Hark back to the early 50's in northern Minnesota, where all the campers rode the train and their Pullman sleeper cars from all over the U.S. to get to Mishawaka. Imagine a simple cabin in those days, kerosene lamps, old army surplus cots with sagging mattresses that actually felt like hammocks, the names of previous counselors and campers carved into the roof boards and, going back to the 20's, outdoor plumbing, the mess hall's sheet metal megaphone hung on a chain from the lower branch of an old white pine.

His cabin was filled with fascinating books, photos, and arcane memorabilia of his travels. Imagine the impact of all this on a youngster who, while having already read many books about strange places and times, had been to none. Nor did it seem likely that he ever would.

Julia May Cruises the Everglades

By Dennis Bradley



So I learned to sail under the tutelage of Kent Curtis. I can still recall one of those truly defining moments for me (who, like most if not all adolescents, doubted their abilities in practically every way) when, upon winning a race in the X-boats, he told me that he hadn't known that I was such a good sailor! Me?? A good sailor?? And this from the veritable icon himself! Of course, the achievement was unremarkable in reality, but it was everything to me then.

When fortunate to finally get my own cruising sailboat on Lake Superior in the late 70's, I simply had to name her *Gumberoo* after one of the mythical characters that livened Kent's many Paul Bunyan stories. Such critters were denizens of northern Minnesota when Camp Mishawaka was established in 1910. Extremely dangerous, they killed many early settlers and not a few campers we were assured.

They had one weakness however, being highly flammable. If one of them jumped you while you were smoking a pipe, cigar, or cigarettes, which everyone frequently did back then (even kids, being, Kent assured us, a whole lot tougher in those days), you were in luck because the critters exploded. At worst, you got only your hair and eyebrows burned off. Their eventual extinction was assured by an infamous series of forest fires that ravaged

the region circa 1918. Speaking about tougher kids back then, the camp song about those earlier days recounted that "...all the younger boys wore whiskers, and the older ones packed guns..." But I digress.

Among my prized possessions are two of Kent's books which I've read several times. But just last year I discovered on the dust cover a tantalizing review of another so far missing book, a series of his short stories entitled *Cruises in the Sun*. They take place in the Everglades, and I faintly remember Kent talking about this region those many years ago. In the dustcover's review, F. Scott Fitzgerald himself is quoted that "They were among the best stories for youth that he had read."

Furthermore, it turns out Kent was, for a time, a resident of Captiva where Linda and I had been hoping to one day cruise. I say tantalizing because I've not been able to find the book. However, just knowing that he had been down here, probably in the 20's and 30's, piqued my curiosity and a trip to the Everglades in the spring of 1996 finally became a reality. After spending about three weeks cruising the *JM* with Linda in the Port Charlotte-Ft. Meyers area, she had to return to work in the land of snow and I had my chance to single-hand the *JM*.

First Trip, Spring of 1996

I hauled the *JM* out in Ft Meyer's beach and drove to Everglade City where I relaunched with the assistance of the folks at the Barron's River Marina and RV Park. The trip by myself along the coast was filled with new experiences and excitement, not so much because of palpable risks but because, as with all my cruising, my imagination is all I need to enjoy the very real beauty and boring mundaneness of watching the sun rise and set each day, cooking simple meals, and simple but satisfying conversations with new friends I met along the way.

In short, while cruising may at times be actually be exciting, perhaps even dangerous (so far, so good), I love it because I really seem to get in touch with a simple yet essential reality of the physical world and simple skills of getting from one place to another.

The Ten Thousand Islands and the subsequent series of rivers and beaches stretching some 80 miles from Everglade City to Flamingo are really a wonderful area for small boat (which is also to say, shallow draft) cruising. The "islands" are literally a maze of keys, predominantly mangrove covered right up to the water line. But there are several beaches and camping spots in evidence where you can stretch out. Further south the shoreline and larger islands, such as Pavilion, have incredible beaches almost uninterrupted, except for Ponce de Leon Bay, all the way to Flamingo.

With my 21' draft, I easily entered Chatham, Lostmans, Hearnery, Shark, and Little Shark rivers, and on the last three went upstream as far as Tarpon Bay. According to the charts, most if not all of the others will also provide access to the hinterlands if you desire and are interconnected to each other so you can enter one and come out on another.

I traveled 10 to 20 miles each day, always sailing unless there was no wind at all. Even with the wind very light or on the nose, I slugged it out because this is what I like to do. The *JM*'s 264 square feet can make good use of the light stuff. I could have turned on the 5hp Honda, but I like the concentration

Famous "Rod & Gun Club" in Everglade City, circa 1900.



that sailing requires to go to weather efficiently. I overnighted at Indian Key as I got a late start the first day, and spent subsequent nights at Chatham River, Lostmans River, and Ponce de Leon Bay before heading inside to Flamingo via Whitewater Bay. Every day was glorious sun, and moderate if sometimes contrary winds, over crystal clear shallows. There were quite a few sport fisherman along the way, but they all went home at night and I had the place literally to myself from about 4pm to 10am.

At Chathams I decided to take the *JM* upstream to a Park Service campsite identified as the Watson Place, just to see what I could see and to check out chart accuracy, which said I could do it even at low tide. I made it up and back in an hour or two and spent the night just inside the northern mouth. I found out later that the Watson Place has a true mystery about it, it belonged to a fellow who was killed by a posse at Choceloskee just after the Hurricane of 1910 devastated the Everglades coast.

Peter Mathiesen has written a fascinating as well as prize-winning story called appropriately "Killing Mr. Watson," which reconstructs a fictionalized account of the incident and what led up to it, as supposedly told by the participants themselves. Watson was a strong character, as was perhaps necessary to survive in those rougher times in Southwest Florida, and depending on who you believe, was an honest, hard-working visionary businessman, farmer, and fisherman, or a heartless fiend. And lo and behold, Mathiesen has just come out with a second book, *Lostman's River*, in what will eventually amount to a trilogy of this incident and the regions history. A final note for sea story lovers, don't miss his *Far Tortuga*!

Entering Whitewater Bay through the Shark River is an easy, well-marked route. Many dolphins were observed in my transit south. At the southeastern end of Whitewater Bay there is a canal which connects with Florida Bay at Flamingo. Here I unstepped both masts and, for a few bucks, was hoisted over an unusual structure called the "plug" in order to get back into salt water. This plug looks like a regular dam but no water passes

Julia May being lifted over the "plug" at Flamingo, looking north up the canal to Whitewater Bay.



Indian Key, Everglade City.



Ponce de Leon Bay, looking northwest out of Shark River, with 100' mangroves.



The "Watson Place," Chatham River, Everglades.

Rabbit Key in Florida Bay whilst "amud."





JM surfing off Cape Sable.

JM with a bone in her teeth. Finnish pennant aloft (definitely not an Irish pennant).



in either direction. It was installed by the Park Service in the 1980s over justifiable concerns that the ecology of both the saltwater and brackish was being disrupted with unknown consequences. Thus, at the very well-equipped marina (espresso, frozen yogurt, showers, ice) in Flamingo, boaters can launch into either fresh or saltwater for touring or fishing.

After a two night layover, I crossed Florida Bay to Plantation Key via a series of marked passes through shallow lagoons and emergent banks of grass and other vegetation. The waters of Florida Bay result from at least 10,000 years of calcareous runoff from the limestone underlying South Florida. This resulted in a complex network of shallow muddy lagoons separated by mangrove keys and uncovered grass and weed at low tide. Navigation between one lagoon and another is effected by following passes marked by a series of posts stuck in the marl. In any event stay in these passes!

Approaching Rabbit Key I was sailing upwind and couldn't quite fetch the channel entrance without another tack. But as I was only a few feet outside the pass and simply too comfortable to tack for such a small reason, I held my course. Bad move!! On a falling tide I ran aground at about 5 PM.

Actually, to call it aground is a misnomer, it's more like running amud. And while you go amud gently enough, it's tough to get off, even with my 21" draft. In fact, after trying all sorts of things, including using my fender board like a snow shoe to walk around without sinking too deep, shifting water, gas, and coolers forward, and swimming (wallowing) my main anchor out to the pass itself, I gave up until high tide around midnight. I did get assistance from a kindly tarpon fisherman who was on his way home on the Keys around 6 PM however. He took my anchor line and, though he couldn't get me off, he was able to pivot the *JM* so that she pointed perpendicular to the pass. Then he set the anchor too.

So, with the sun setting in the west, the *JM* and I had black beans and rice with salsa and rum while amazed by all the fish, and by the bird noise. I set my alarm for a bit before high tide after midnight, when I was able to get into the pass with some struggling. Putting my shoulder under the stern I was able to move the *JM* a few inches at a time, as by lifting and with the help of my earlier forward shift of cargo, my draft was a bit less.

The remainder of the trip was a southeasterly sleigh ride with winds from the northwest about 20 knots and small waves with little fetch. There were few people out and about and I had the ICW almost to myself to Cowpens Anchorage and the Plantation Key resort for some really fancy food and drink. The land break felt great but the winds were supposed to stay strong and westerly for several days, so I seriously looked into the possibility of a plane ride to Everglade City to get the truck and trailer.

But two days later the winds shifted into the east about 15 to 20 knots, and off I went back across Florida Bay largely using the same passes on the way over. Needless to say, I didn't cut any corners this time. It only took one day to Flamingo and the next day I went around Cape Sable with the same following wind. I can honestly say that I had never had *JM* go so fast before. Indeed, with the full main and the wind on the quarter, *JM* surfed several times. I steered from as far aft as I could

go so that my weight might keep the rudder working thereby avoiding a broach.

Of course the waves were only about 3 or 4 feet, but it was unnerving nonetheless as the bow seemed to dip alarmingly in the puffs. After all, the *JM* has her 30' mast hard forward and, with the boat at rest, that part of the hull is 6 inches out of the water. My respect for Bolger's Long Micro design jumped several notches from its already lofty position.

Cruising by Oneself, Pro and Con

Cruising alone is tremendously satisfying, but after a while I get tired of having all these wonderful experiences by myself. It's as if I might even come to doubt that I've actually been to these places unless I have another soul to corroborate my fantastic tales. Of course, the person I most want to share these trips with is Linda. But alas, while she does love many of the same things I do, she gets tired of it all a bit more quickly. Nor does the threat of storms or various navigational uncertainties have the same appeal.

But what can I say after having read the personal accounts of Shackleton, Slocum, and many other real explorers (not incidentally, in contrast to so many modern explorer wannabes with their satellite phones, computers, and GPS)? Compared to their very real trials, my simple coastal cruises are the very essence of safety.

Everglades 1997

In 1997 Linda and I were again in the Ft. Meyers-Charlotte Harbor area, but this time were joined by our good friends Walt and Dee. And after a short time in these waters, while the ladies took the highway to wait for us at Marathon 25 miles southwest of Flamingo, Walt and I headed out from Everglade City. Over the next week we had an incredible time revisiting some of the spots and exploring new ones. Two incidents may capture some of the flavor this second trip.

Contrary Wind and Tide

Two days out, Walt and I entered the north channel of Lostmans River around noon when the flood tide was at its height, yet the southeast wind was coming down river about 20 knots. We motored in with the mizzen still up, since I like to anchor with it, and dropped the hook just downstream (and downwind) from the narrowest part of the channel. We were going to fix lunch and fish a bit on the incoming tide.

What could be simpler? Well, I dropped the hook, all the time expecting the *JM* to perform her usual pivot into the fresh breeze and blow downstream on her anchor line. Instead, even with the mizzen up and a 20 knot wind, the 5 knot incoming tide took charge on *JM*'s belly and instead she pointed so-called downstream. OK, so I miscalculated the relative strengths of the two fluids, big deal!

But a problem quickly arose because these two fluids also differed in their effects on the two different craft: the *JM* and our 8' Nymph pram. Instead of mimicking its larger sister, the pram on its painter and with hardly no wetted surface, was at first not affected by the incoming tidal flow but was blown downstream past us to port and floated past us around the bow just before the anchor line became taught. By now the pram was in the lee of the *JM* and the incoming tide took charge driving it against the starboard bow.

Now it was the pram painter's turn to get taut, and the onrushing flood got a grip on the pram and rolled her right under the *JM* as we stood there with our mouths agape. There was nothing we could do in the few seconds it took to fill with water and roll completely under *JM* to pop up back on the port side from whence the whole fiasco started. But it ain't over yet.

Walt and I leaned over and grabbed the dinghy full of water. While he hung on for all he was worth, I untied the painter so I could pull it back around the anchor line to retie it. All the while a bunch of more or less loose gear is floating around inside but not floating away. Now of course, since she's filled with water, there is no question which way the pram will go, the tide is really in charge now and she quickly reached the end of her painter upstream. Walt and I pulled her in to begin bailing.

Only just then, with the mizzen still sheeted tight, the *JM* decided to swing downwind in the face of a great blast of wind. So, with Walt holding on tight while we did a quick 180, I did a Chinese fire drill furl on the mizzen and finally the *JM* settled down, which in this case meant following the greater force, the incoming tide, and making her final 180. Walt and I could now finally combine our efforts to bring the pram up short and bail it out. After all this we didn't lose a thing. Need we say that this relatively painless lesson on the relative power of wind and tide made a powerful impression on us both?

Ten Seconds over Tarpon Bay or Economic Development, 1990s style, in Southwestern Florida

Four days out from Everglade City we went up the Hearney River to Tarpon Bay, a distance of about 12 miles. After exploring one of its many small creeks taking off to the northeast, we found an alligator gar fishing hole and caught and released one right after another for about an hour. Boy can they fight, and look out for those teeth. But about 5pm we were back at the northeast arm of the lake and went for a brief row around Tarpon Bay to try for its namesake, or anything else. Having fished only a few minutes, we noticed two small planes to the west around 1000 feet or so making a slow turn toward the sun.

Returning to the task at hand for the next few minutes, we were both brought back to their presence by a sudden crescendo of diving aircraft. Coming out of the sun and diving directly at us, like a strafing run, or so it seemed, were not two but three airplanes. A twin engine Cessna, I think, was leading what looked like a strafing run at us and leveled off about 50 feet off the deck and only a few hundred feet away. Close behind were the original two single engine two-seaters.

They all screamed over us in single file as our mouths hung open (does it seem that our mouths are always agog or what), and quickly disappeared to the northeast, right up the channel we had spent the morning fishing. It all happened so quickly we were reduced to babbling for a few minutes. Then, to top it off,

as we finally realized we hadn't imagined it, a fourth plane came screaming over at the same low altitude but from another angle and followed the other three to the northeast.

All kinds of thoughts went through our minds, it had to be some kind of a drug drop, but as witnesses, were we doomed? We even talked about clearing out before the baddies with pony tails, gold chains, Ray-Bans, and Uzis showed up. But we calmed down and stayed the night, after all, there wasn't much point in trying to hide. The *JM* is a Bolger for Pete's sake, there's probably not another like her in a thousand miles. Nor would my Honda be a match for their turbo-charged Cigarette.

Imagine the scene: The helicopter camera shows the baddies yukking it up as they see the 20' cat yawl try to make a run for it, bales of *THEIR* cocaine and marijuana stacked in her cockpit. But the camera zooms in to show those lumpy butt-scarfs in her plywood sides suddenly expanding to reveal Bolger's solar powered hydrofoils. Their gun hands fall limp by their sides as she lifts free of the gator-infested river, pulls easily away and shoots down a narrow creek, while the Cigarette loses control and slams into the outhouse sitting atop the Watson Place Chickee.

Actually, we made it to Flamingo the next day for some great food and showers, Walt didn't appreciate the red or black beans and rice as much as I did. The next day we sailed the final 25 miles to Marathon where the ladies were still waiting, we hoped. Such were the joys....

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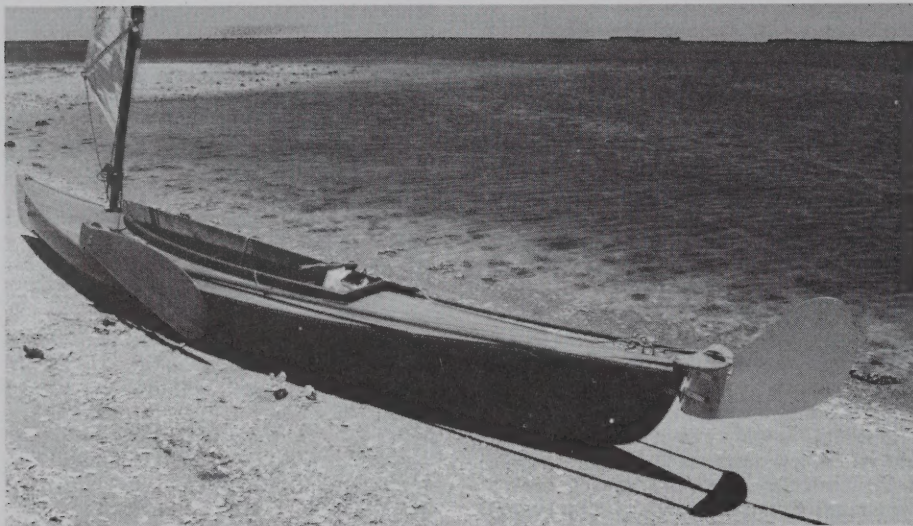
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Consider Cedar Key

Small Boat Meet, May 2-3, 1998

By Hugh Horton

Nice wind. Last year's meet had breezes southwest to west southwest 8 to 10 knots on Thursday, May 1st; southeast 4 to 7 on Friday; southwest 10 to 20 on Saturday; north 10 to 20 on Sunday; east southeast 8 to 14 on Monday; and south southwest 6 to 10 on Tuesday. Temperatures were upper 70's to mid 80's and it was sunny. Some years have been warmer with less wind, the paddled and rowed boats become fastest. Other years, the Sea Pearl 21's and bigger sailboats fly away in spray, while the paddled craft stay in sheltered salt marsh or stream. The stream, incidentally, could be tannic black like the Suwannee or spring-fed clear, as in the Withlacootchee.

Nifty tides. When thinking about Cedar Key's marvelous tides and currents, one might consider the following:

"For the small boat enthusiast, Cedar Key's tides offer continual fascination. One description is 'mixed semi-diurnal.' These tides have the normal semi-diurnal pattern of two highs and two lows in about 24 hours and 50 minutes. But the two highs in that period reach different heights, and the lows, too. In the 24 hours and 50 minutes comes a high, a low, a higher high, and a lower low. From the higher high to the lower low can be four feet. The higher high usually runs out to the lower low, and generally takes longer than the time

from the lesser high to the not so low. At the Town Dock, when looking south at Atsena Otie Key, the flood flows east to your left. The ebb runs west, to your right. Wind can negate and/or enhance tides and currents."

Last year's tides and wind gave me beautiful rides aboard my decked, cruising canoe, *Black Puffin*. Sunday was in the upper 70's, dry with western sky clarity, when *Puffin* and I sailed northeast to Corrigan Reef. The 10 to 15 northerly made a wet beat, with the flood, after leaving Atsena Otie's north beach. Passing north of Dog Island was dryer. In my log, I noted a bald eagle.

As *Puffin* neared Corrigan, one could see the reef's form, and channels had changed since last landing in March of 1994. The comma of sand which had curled around *Pine Needle*, when I slept aboard her on our 1990 cruise, was gone. The islet had been swept clean. The dozens of pure yellow blossoms and their great prickly pear cactus, which I had enjoyed on that cruise and which Ned Sharples and friends had admired in May 1992, were gone. Only a few fuzzy, fresh cactus pads were flat on the oyster shells. Ninety-nine percent of the vegetation was gone.

It took a half hour sailing up and down to verify the place! As I look at the snapshots, and thinking of Ned's passing nearly two years

ago, the palpable rush of change tramples through me. I recall Sterling Hayden's words, "The years thunder by. The dreams of Youth grow dim where they lie caked in dust on the shelves of Patience. Before we know it, the Tomb is sealed."

Corrigan Reef last May was gorgeous. Its white shells were habitat for sandpipers in a shoal, flashing across the wind, and a few American Oystercatchers standing by. In March of 1994, Jim Renouf, son Jaime, and I watched white pelicans by the hundreds, flying in waving line after line southeast along the reef. Other times, the hundreds have been white ibis in lines rippling like blowing ribbon or cassette tape. Marty Stephens sailed up from south of Atsena in his Macgregor 25, anchored, and paddled closer. He saw the islet was all oyster shells, not sand as it seems from offshore, and went for shoes.

Returning from Corrigan with the ebb in the main channel, I worked up to the town beach to try a WindRider, the 16' roto-molded trimaran designed by Jim Brown and built by Andy Zimmerman's Wilderness Systems. The May 1996 trial was nearly calm, so inconclusive. This time gusts were 20 plus. It was a grand, wet ride in the chop of the main channel. The speed seemed like most of a Hobie 14. I missed the first two tacks, and just one other. Although I pressed her on a reach, sheeting in close on the apparent wind, she didn't try to pitchpole. The leeward ama dove and the flexible boat shuddered and slowed, with green water nearly to the cockpit, but nothing worse. It was thrilling. I was encouraged.

Next I'd like to sail one on ocean swells. What will happen going fast downhill? Back near the town beach I was startled to stop gently a few yards from shore, I'd forgotten the WindRider's 16" deep rudder.

A new, slightly larger WindRider II, a two-seater, is on hold because of demand for the current one. Jim suggests the larger would be better for rough channel crossings, as in Hawaii and the Caribbean. So, more data will be collected and/or confirmed, and her designer and friends will continue reflecting.

Monday was another sweet day of sailing, including a round trip through Atsena Otie. This was more subtle than the main channel thrashing the day before. This sailing, in lees and variables, was in Atsena's salt marsh following little, twisting channels, inches deep and lined, sometimes, with oysters. But it wasn't so tight to stop Ron Sell from sailing his 8" deep Sea Pearl 21 through with the ebb.

Monday's higher high tide was near 1pm. *Puffin* and I sailed up and in Atsena's northeast entrance to the channel-thru about 1:20. The breeze was southeast, 8 knots or so, giving a close reach to the "little north inner channel-thru." Just at its exit into the southwest lagoon, with a grinding crunch, *Puffin* lurched up on oysters, slicing, I pictured, at the carbon fibers under the clear gel coat. This tiny ledge of shells is one of the watersheds in Atsena's half mile long channel-thru. Here, when I misjudge a bit, I usually only gouge a plastic Hydra Sea Runner or Sea Twin.

By 1:45 or so we zipped out the southwest entrance with the current, crunching lightly twice. We tacked. I considered how the ebb wanted me to go to Seahorse Key, and a lovely, rewarding two-mile reach it would have been. But assuming I'd dawdle there, and not having proper lights, I chose to go back through Atsena against the current. I believed



most of the channel-thru had sufficient water for the leeboard to be down enough to point usefully. Paddling through would've been faster, simpler, and easier, but not as much fun.

The smooth, turbid current swirled and eddied. Sailing against it and the fickle breezes, leeboard being rasped, rudder blade clinking now and again, was fun with a tickle of challenge, a fine, salubrious time. Once, while watching a bird, or the sail, or a bug, perhaps, I neglected steering and poked her bow in the bank. Up popped what might have been a Clapper Rail, flying instantly a dozen yards to disappear in the cord grass. I've still never visually identified a Clapper Rail.

Several hundred yards north over the grass, a Sea Pearl rig close reached in the northeast entrance. I heard a light crunch, mutterings, and a rudder clank before the it came into view in the south inner channel-thru. Ron and Tom Yvanaskas broad reached by grinning, sliding along with the tide.

At the south end of the muddy, shallow pool I call the southeast lagoon, *Puffin* and I stopped and listened to the clattering rails. I resisted the impulse to sail around the small islet at the base of the dead tree, whose osprey nest held a whistling adult and two youngsters. Air was light in the lee at the bank, and who knows how long it would have taken without paddling, while bothering the ospreys. Instead, *Puffin* pointed for Camp Spit at the northeast corner of Atsena, among the oyster bars, in the lee of the trees. But, too shallow. We eased back to the channel-thru and reached north across the main channel. *Puffin's* hull showed



Robb White (the son) with his Peapod.



Chris Harkness, who started the Cedar Key Meet 14 years ago. That's Jim Leiner's Marsh Hen.

no cut carbon fibers.

Depending on wind, this year's tides may allow easy going northeast to Corrigan Reef or west to North Key. On Saturday May 2nd, we can expect the less extreme high near 7am, a not too low low about 11:30am, the higher high about 5pm, and the lower low

near midnight. Sunday's tides will be nearly an hour later. This should provide enough water during the days with moderate current in each direction. But remember, "wind can negate and/or enhance tides and currents."

I hope to see you in May at the 14th Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet.



Marquette had characterized the Straits of Mackinac as "the home of the fish." They abounded in other places, but here was where they swarmed. Judging by the number of fishermen basing at St. Ignace, the same holds true today. It was from these fishermen, some of whom were related to my friends at Naubinway, I had been assured I would be able to gain information as to the most favorable course to follow around the north end of Lake Huron to the protection of the islands of Georgian Bay. The charts bristled with soundings, which were all right in their way, but they really needed to be supplemented by the intimate little personal tips as to local weather idiosyncrasies, refuges, habitations, and the like, such as none could give so well as the man to whom the navigation of the shallows was the daily grind.

I found the denizens of the St. Ignace waterfront as friendly as their brothers who had mothered and sheltered me all along the stormy north shore, but unfortunately, quite unsuspicious of the waters I was about to enter. Their fishing was all to the south and the west, they said, and never in the Canadian waters which I would navigate as soon as I passed Drummond Island and headed into the North Channel. The best advice they could give was to work across to the Canadian islands by the shortest open traverses possible, and then gather local information from the fishermen and lighthouse people as I had done along the Michigan coast.

Captain Green of the U.S. survey steamer *Search*, lying for a few days at the St. Ignace dock, could tell little more of Canadian waters than had the fishermen. He gave me a better chart than any I had of the north end of Huron, however, and also the very wise advice to get on to Mackinac Island at once rather than to hang on for the night at St. Ignace as I had planned. The barometer was falling, he said, with warning of cyclonic conditions of great intensity developing to the south.

I might as well reconcile myself to spending much time in port for the next few days, but there was no reason why, watching my chances between blows, I should not run considerable mileage when weather conditions were favorable locally. Hence his recommendation that I make at once the run to Mackinac Island that would probably not be possible on the morrow.

It was disappointing to forego the opportunity to tread in fact and fancy the pathways of the gentle Marquette, and disappointing likewise to miss the yarn I had been promised that evening with the good old Scotch boatbuilder and some of his bosom cronies. But Captain Green's advice was too sound to be rejected. If, as appeared very likely, I was going to have to continue to keep port for spells of three or four days at a time, the only possible way in which I could hope to finish through to New York inside of the time limit imposed by my later trip to the Canadian Rockies was to take advantage of every hour of weather sufficiently fair to permit of reasonably safe navigation.

This was going to mean playing hide-and-seek with many a gathering storm, but as long as I could maneuver to keep from being caught far offshore again, I was not especially apprehensive of anything much worse than occasional buffetings and wettings. The reliability of my engine and the fact that I could count with reasonable certainty upon saving

By Waterways to Gotham

The account of a two thousand mile voyage by skiff and outboard motor from Milwaukee to New York, through the Great Lakes, Trent Canal, St. Lawrence, Richelieu, Champlain, and Hudson Rivers.

By Lewis R. Freeman

Chapter VIII Into Canadian Waters (Part I)

most of the outfit in an emergency landing were both highly reassuring. Chastened by my experience in the North Shore storm, I was still far from disheartened. The voyage was proving even more of a fight than I had anticipated, but a fine, keen, zestful sort of a fight, now that I had learned the folly of attempting deepwater traverses.

The strait was a lane of hard polished indigo when I pushed off at 6:00 in the afternoon, with the waves running fitfully from the south where a sinister bank of clouds told of dusky purple streaming through the nimbus which masked the low-hanging sun, palpable, almost liquid light that settled down upon and seemed to cling to the surface of the water like a flat stratum of fog. Mackinac Island, bathed in the magical glow, loomed monstrously against the southeastern skyline, blurred and blank, with the mystical silhouette of a castle of trolls.

Just which lurking center of potential trouble was going to hit the strait first one could not be quite sure. All that was really clear was the sky overhead and the fact that in not very much over half an hour the middle of historic Mackinac Strait was not going to be a comfortable place to be caught in an open boat. So, like a rabbit diving for its hole between converging hounds, I scurried for shelter, scurried with all the kick my powerful little Elto could muster.

Maverick wind gusts, teetering trippingly by like toe dancers, caught me now on one side, now on the other, but never with sufficient singleness of purpose to wreak harm. Once two of them tussled a hundred feet beyond my speeding bow, but lightsomely and playfully and with little malice aforethought behind the hard-flung spray which the victor kicked up as it spun on its heel and prepared to chivvy the vanquished back into Lake Michigan.

The real squabble for possession of the strait took place a half mile ahead and, very fortunately, was all over before I came chugging along onto the battlefield. I had surmised the real power was all with the cohorts closing in from Huron way. Fur flew fast for a minute or two while the main disturbance established its supremacy, then the minor squalls from the west and north turned tail and ran for cover. One of them trampled me underfoot in passing but was too frightened to stop and hold me down.

The forefront of the advancing storm was as clean-cut as a tide rip or the screw-churned wake of a steamer. On one side was the unhythmically wallowing blue-black water in which I had run all the way from St. Ignace, on the other the almost unbroken foam blanket formed where the wind was ripping the tops off the swiftly mounting whitecaps. This would have been hopeless to have considered breasting for any length of time in the open lake, with Mackinac Island less than a mile away, and to leeward, nothing worse than a lively scrimmage was promised.

My problem was a comparatively simple one. To make the entrance of the completely sheltered Mackinac Bay, I would have to run a quarter of a mile with the wind and rising seas abeam, about half a mile with them on my starboard quarter, and the final quarter mile to the harbor with the storm dead astern. The crucial test would be the attempt to navigate athwart the waves. If this proved too much for the boat to stand, there was still the perfectly feasible alternative of turning and running dead before the storm to a landing on the steep but fairly clear strip of beach clearly discernible below the lofty bluffs of the southwestern end of the island.

That first quarter mile with the ambitious young combers trying to climb the starboard gunwale was a merry dance. The wind threw a vicious cut into its lashings, and streamed from its fount in a bituminous smear of tattered cloud with a purposefulness that was just a bit appalling at the first onslaught. Quite unable to hold the boat to her course while handling the bailing bucket, I simply barged ahead, determined to let the water take care of itself until there was enough of it to interfere with navigation before turning and running for the beach.

This point was never reached. Drenched myself, both from flying spray and solid green surges, there was still not enough water in the bottom of the boat to cover my shoetops when the buoy was reached where I could alter course the four or five points to port, which brought the wind and waves that much farther astern. I was still too busy to waste good time on bailing, but very little more water had come aboard when another alteration of course was possible, this time making it practicable to run directly before storm. Two minutes later I had rounded the end of the breakwater into a pocket of landlocked bay the surface of which was barely ruffled with the tails of the gusts scurrying along overhead.

The transition from the savage bluster of the storm to the idyllic peacefulness of the bay was as sudden and surprising as a feat of leg-erdemain. One moment the boat was in the heart of a vortex of warring waves which shouldered and scuffled for a passage through the narrow channel, the next it was running in a surface that was almost glassy in its smoothness. The breakwater had killed the waves, while the imminently looming bluff stopped all but the few breaths of air, soft as a caress, which came purring down from the inner slopes drenched with the perfume of blooming lilacs.

Historic old Fort Mackinac dominated the picture, its whitewashed walls and bastions standing out sharply against the somber green of the forest-clad slopes. Villas and hotel straggled along the amphitheater of hills, with a crescent of shops and docks ringing the harbor front. Through breaks in the buildings a

lazy line of traffic could be glimpsed straggling along the single street. In blended lakescape and landscape there was a haunting air of peace and quiet that suggested at once the Isle of the Blest which Mackinac really is.

The captain of the Coast Guard station came down to meet me at his landing. Ordering his men to drag the boat out on the launching stage, he told me to make myself at home until the weather was favorable for continuing my voyage. The boat would be safe where it was unless the storm shifted to the northeast, in which event he would have it brought inside. A tremendous disturbance was brewing to the south according to all signs and reports, he added, and it would be best not to try to run across into the North Channel until I was sure of at least two or three hours of fair weather. This might not be for the next three or four days from present indications.

Stepping out onto the street of Mackinac Island was like turning the clock back 25 years. This illusion was principally due to the traffic. Shops and costumes were modern, but all movement was either on foot or in the ancient horse-drawn vehicles beloved of our grandfathers. Even the jaunty dogcart was exceptional. The predominating type of carriage was that quaint two-seater with a fringed canopy called, I believe, a "surrey."

Long lines of these queer survivals of a bygone age met the steamers and drove tourists up to the fort and around the island. Even the drivers carried the suggestions of having been rolled up in lavender for three or four decades in a box in the attic and then unpacked for the occasion. There was a familiar touch in two of them at verbal fisticuffs over the matter of precedence in approaching a prospective fare.

Mackinac has wrought better than it knows in banning the automobile. What world-weary soul but will hearten at the word of streets and roads where lake ozone vies with the fragrance of lilac bloom and the defilement of gasoline is unknown. All that is needed to complete the picture are hotel orchestras playing old time melodies instead of jazz and a discontinuance of tourist steamers. But perhaps this sort of an Elysian Fields annex would be asking a bit too much.

In order to give a hand with my boat in case of trouble, I spread my bed on the floor of the Coast Guard station, sleeping with an inch of clearance between my unpillowed ear and the propeller of a lifeboat. The bay was quiet as a millpond all night, but the crash of breaking seas from the southeast told that the blow continued furiously from the same direction it had swooped to chase me into the harbor. The first mile or two of my run on to the northerly mainland appeared quite smooth from the level of the landing, but beyond this lee the waters were an unbroken expanse of wind-whipped white.

Yarning with storm-bound fishermen along the waterfront, I gathered that the safest course to pursue from Mackinac would be the somewhat indirect one to the thickset group of islands called Les Cheneaux, fringing the upper peninsula of Michigan. This offered the minimum open water traverse, with many miles of winding but fully protected passages in which to make my easting in working along to the strait leading to Detour and on into the North Channel, which forms the southern drainage of Lake Superior. The advantages of this route over the more direct but also more



We land at the Coast Guard station.

open one to the east was evident as soon as the captain of the Coast Guard station traced it for me on the large-scale chart he kindly put at my disposal for the run.

This decided upon, it only remained to find a sufficiently quiet interval for the 12-mile traverse to the nearest opening in "The Snows," as Les Cheneaux are popularly called. This might not come for several days, the captain cautioned, adding that the present disturbance was only the forerunner of a terrific general storm almost due to sweep the lakes to the south.

With at least a day on my hands, I spent the latter part of the next forenoon in a 10-mile walk around the island and the afternoon clamoring about the ancient but still remarkably well-preserved fort. Learning that the old John Jacob Astor trading post had been converted to a hotel, I sought out the historic place for supper, thereby missing two hours of lighter breezes in which I could have made the run to "The Snows" with little risk.

I found ample compensation at the old post, however. Most of the ancient buildings had been altered beyond recognition, notably the former trade room, which had just received the hardwood floor that converted it into a modern ballroom. The warehouse, with a crude hoist which worked by running thongs of hide over a large wheel, was perhaps the place least scarred by time and change. The doors, studded with great handwrought nails, still swung on the mighty hinges that extended all the way across their ax-hewn slabs. In a corner was the remains of a press that had been used to bale the salted hides for shipment.

The real treasure chamber was a small neglected room at the head of a rickety stairway, long disused. It contained a half dozen iron-bound chests, broken of lock and hinge, bulging full of the old records of the historic frontier post. There had been no effort to preserve, no endeavor to segregate the priceless documents. They had simply been dumped into the old boxes and left. How much had been destroyed or carried away there will never

be any way of telling.

With the call for supper sounding, there was time for just one dip into the treasure chests before me. Thrusting wrist deep, as into a grab bag, I retrieved what proved to be a sheaf of ancient letters. Taking one at random I ran hastily through it. The well-formed characters in faded yellow ink were evidently the choreographic efforts of a man of some education writing at the behest of an outpost trader who thought he had a grievance.

The man was objecting in no uncertain terms to the outrageous action of the parent post in charging him all of a dollar and a half for a case of whisky! So altitudinous a figure would have been bad enough under any conditions, he complained, but when all the world knew that his squaw was a missionary educated girl and even more avid than the average Indian maid in her thirst for firewater, it was downright robbery. Furthermore, if the wrong was not rectified, it was the intention of the aggrieved party to leave the service of the company without further notice and turn free-trapper. If his ungrateful employers did not believe that he knew a way to get his furs through to the Hudson's Bay people, just let them wait and see.

What a light it would have thrown on the old trading company's methods and morals to have seen the answer to that letter! I would willingly have searched all night for it by candle light, but a second and more insistent call for supper came, and romance went glimmering like a will-o'-the-wisp.

It was a highly hurried and unsatisfying supper. One retired farmer from Iowa was about to sell the John Jacob Astor House to another Iowa farmer who was going to retire and turn boniface. They were celebrating the transfer by a dance in the newly-floored ballroom, which was also to be the dining room. So I wolfed a hasty meal in the kitchen with old and new proprietor, who talked much of tourist prospects and rates and took little more than hostile notice of my plaintive queries anent the working of the old "bull-wheel" hoist

and the disposal of the old post records.

The retiring owner did stop for a moment to tell me about a walled-up door to one of the crypts beneath the ancient walls, and of how he had always intended to break through and see what was behind it. That was as far as he had got with the story when the new proprietor interrupted to say that the guests were arriving for the dance and the orchestra was worried because the saxophone player had not yet appeared.

Just why the Michigan Historical Society, which has done such fine work in the preservation of old Fort Mackinac, has not intervened to save the historic records of the Astor post, I had no chance to learn.

When I slid back the Coast Guard station door and looked out the next morning at daybreak, it was to find not only the bay enjoying its wonted calm, but a clear expanse of water to north and south as well. A barometer that had continued to fall rapidly during the night still warned of a major disturbance in the offing, but that there was at least a lull in the storm sufficient to allow me to make my projected dash for the shelter of "The Snows" became evident as the light strengthened and revealed an almost dead calm as far as the eye could reach.

Without wasting time in further hesitation, I slid my boat quietly down into the water and, in order not to wake my sleeping friends at the station with a popping engine, started out of the harbor under oars. Passing

the stern of a steamer at the next dock south, a pajama-clad figure came to the rail and beckoned me near for a parting warning. This was Captain Goodreau, a brother of the fisherman I had met at Manistique, who had been rumored lost with his launch in the storm which had caught me off Naubinway and driven me in across the reefs.

Captain Goodreau was a veteran lake skipper and, in conversation with him the previous day, he had been very emphatic in urging me to keep port while the weather was in its present unsettled condition. Now he reiterated this warning, saying that all indications were for one of the worst storms of years to break within the next day or two. Seeing that I was already started, however, he thought there would be no great risk in running across to "The Snows." From there on I must keep inside of the islands for just as far as I could, and when the last of these was passed, never get more than a mile or two from land.

Captain Goodreau's final warning was one which stood me in good stead for many a day. I have since thought, indeed, that it might well be taken as the one most vital direction for the man who navigates the Great Lakes in a small boat, and especially for the one who, on account of limited time or for any other reason, finds it necessary to take chances in making his mileage between storm and storm, or even scudding between the head and tail of squall and squall.

"Don't bother too much about general barometric readings," said the veteran, lean-

ing over the rail and drawing his bathrobe closer against the clinging lappings of the morning vapors. "Watch the clouds. You can always tell when there's dynamite in the banks to windward. When you see these banks making and rising, never get far from land. But don't bother about them until the fingers of vapor that shoot out ahead get directly above you. If they dissolve there, hold to your course.

The main storm will not follow them. But when these fingers pass beyond the zenith and begin to broaden, make for shelter while the going's good. You can be sure the big stuff is going to follow, and that it will always be too heavy for an open boat to ride out."

If every sailing yacht or motor cruiser navigator of the Great Lakes will learn that one direction and how to interpret it, he not only can avoid being caught unprepared in open water but, what is scarcely less to his advantage, keep from holding to harbor many a day when he might just as well have been on his way.

Thanking my keen and kindly old adviser, I started the motor and ran out between the flanking buoys into the northern channel of the Straits of Mackinac. I was again on the track of the voyageurs, though it is probable that the most of them, with their light canoes, preferred to play safe by hugging the mainland all the way round to St. Ignace. Thus began one of the most interesting and exhilarating runs I ever made in a small boat upon any lake or river, interesting because of the historic and beautiful waters through which my way led, exhilarating because the whole 90 miles of it was made under the menace of a hair-hung sword which never fell.

Though a storm of incomparably greater violence than that which had so nearly brought my cruise to an end among the reefs of northern Lake Michigan was mustering its destructive forces to the south and west, preparing to make a clean sweep of the lakes, even the scouting vanguards never quite closed in upon me. Where I had guessed wrong in getting caught offshore in Lake Michigan, this time I guessed right and thereby avoided more than a searing splash or two of the hell-broth-a-brew to south'ard, hence the thrill of zest and satisfaction which lingers even in the memory of an unforgettable day.

The 12-mile open-water traverse was over in a little more than an hour. Steering northeast by compass until the loom of Brulee and Coats Points (flanking the West Entrance to "The Snows" to north and south respectively) fixed their positions beyond doubt, I ran straight ahead into the closely landlocked waters of Marquette Bay before shutting off the motor and drifting while I ate a breakfast of eggs and cocoa prepared on my diminutive "canned heat" stove.

Weather worries were over for the next three or four hours, for the thickly-planted "Snows" crowded upon the narrow zigzag channels like the half-closed teeth of a wolf trap. Only by keeping a close eye on my large-scale chart was it possible to avoid running into the innumerable blind inlets opening on every hand. Even as it was I must have traversed twice or thrice the length of the direct east-by-north course to Detour Passage, but the way I took was extremely beautiful and very safe, either of which considerations would have warranted following it.

(To Be Continued)

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There were two departures from Mustique this week; each markedly different but neither a happy occurrence. The first was the return to England of a few of our friends who have been on Mustique for a year or so. These leavings are always happening here and they have a profound effect due to the diminutive nature of the island society.

These young folks, at the beginnings of their adult lives, were reluctantly returning home, more as a result of necessity than from a desire to leave. It is difficult for many people to leave a place like this; it isn't a paradise by any means, but the friendships formed here are somehow a bit more precious than those formed elsewhere. We have met people here who have become the best of friends, and when it comes time for us to leave, it will be the separation from these folks, not the leaving of the island that will bother us. The only real consolation is that we know that they will leave one day as well.

The basic problem is that it is difficult to maintain a life as an expat in the West Indies. It is almost impossible to get permission from the government to work here, and it is not a cheap place to live unless you are willing to do it at a subsistence level. Most folks who come here and try to make it a permanent move soon find that it is a lot more difficult to do than they imagined.

The other departure was in the form of the death of a young lobster diver. The drive for making a lot of money during the lobster season and the almost total lack of training for this profession results in many deaths and crippling accidents each year on Mustique. The divers have never heard of a repetitive dive table and typically dive deeper and longer than they should. I heard one description of a typical diver's day: He dives to 120' until his tank is empty, gets a second tank and dives to 100' until it is empty, gets a third tank and dives until it is empty. This is a good formula for disaster and it is amazing that more accidents do not occur.

This 20-something fellow had been having difficulty in his dive; he came to the surface complaining of pain in his arm and chest. These are classic symptoms of decompression sickness, where the body is not allowed enough time to work the dissolved nitrogen out of the bloodstream. Instead of seeking immediate medical assistance, he shrugged it off and returned to the bottom. This time he was really in trouble; he managed to get back into the boat but became immediately unconscious.

He was rushed to the clinic on Mustique, where the doctor could see that he was in very poor cond. An emergency flight was made by a low-flying aircraft (to lessen the effects of even lower pressure) to Barbados where the closest recompression chamber is located. By the time this hour long flight was over, the diver was near death and he only survived a few hours longer.

Despite the grief that this young man's death caused, it is not likely that the other divers will equate it to their health and well-being; they will doubtless go on diving as they always have. The fact that this fellow was drinking heavily the night before will likewise make no impression on the other divers who maintain this "glamorous" lifestyle, despite repeated proof that high liv-

Musings From Mustique

By Rick Klepfer

ing will result in an early death for many of them.

The young diver's body is still in Barbados, since his family does not have the money to fly him back to Bequia, where he was from. A few affluent visitors to Mustique were talking about putting up their own money to fly him back; but when they found out that his death was the result of stupidity combined with alcohol, and that this was not the first time he had done this sort of thing, they withdrew their support. I suppose that the government will eventually cover the costs; perhaps these difficulties will make some kind of impression.

There are a few wheelchair-bound young men here who will spend the rest of their lives mending nets on shore or just hanging out at the waterfront. These fellows also had to rely on charity to get their wheelchairs; despite the fact that they earn more money from lobstering than any other job pays, the traditional lifestyle is to drink hard and live with no concern for tomorrow.

One of the few restaurants on Mustique decided last year that they would no longer carry lobster on their menu; this was due to their feelings about the entire lobster industry. First the fishermen live such an unnatural existence, then the stocks of lobster are depleted with no concern for the future, and finally, they consider that the method of cooking lobsters is cruel. I guess that this is an economically strong statement for them to make since a restaurant can make a lot of money off of lobsters each season. I happen to love lobster and while we eat very few each year, I think that we will just continue in this manner since it doesn't seem to be excessive or abusive to the lobster fishery if done this way.

I was awakened at 5am by the wind; our house has few walls and the bedroom has only one full one, the rest are sliding, louvered panels that we leave open all the time, unless we have driving rain. This morning, the wind was the strongest I had ever experienced here; the trees were swaying violently and in the distance I could hear the roar of the surf. My first thought was of how the yawl was faring and so I got dressed and started out on the mile-and-a-half walk to the bay.

As I walked along in the pre-dawn darkness I could see that every tree and shrub on the island was being blown forcefully around. Soon, headlights came up from behind me and in a moment the island ambulance passed me. It was then that I knew that this was a real blow, since the doctor is an avid windsurfer and a wind like this was something he could just not pass up.

He didn't stop to pick me up, but I caught up with him near the yawl's mooring where the windsurfers have a little palm-frond hut on the dunes. He was getting his board rigged as I approached, and since he is the only doctor on the island he has never been seen without his cell telephone clipped on to his belt; I kidded him by asking if he had a waterproof one to take windsurfing.

The sun was just coming up as I looked across the bay; the first rays of the sun were tinting the blue morning clouds with highlights of pastel pink and yellow, the wind was howling and the seas were magnificent in their unfettered sweep down the channel. There were row upon row of breaking waves across the mouth of the bay and the sea beyond was a chaotic expanse of white horses. The yawl leapt and pulled at her mooring pennant, but appeared to be holding OK. I realized that I would have to check on her many times throughout the day and, if the winds did not diminish by late afternoon I would have to consider pulling her up onto the beach.

Meanwhile, the doctor had gotten his board into the water and was making his first attempt at getting it going. His first attempt was a pretty good one, considering the conditions; the wind blows straight into the bay and to get out he would have to beat out through the surf. He took off as if the hounds of hell were swimming in his wake; a four-foot high rooster tail, emulating that of an unlimited hydroplane at full throttle, erupted in his wake.

The board leapt clear of the water at each wave, and he wasn't even in to any of the big ones yet. He sped past the yawl and into the bight created by Point Lookout; here he had to tack, or wear ship as it appears one must do with a windsurfer. The board came around in a broad, sweeping turn, accelerating as it came onto the reach, and then went airborne and separated from the doctor; leaving him to make his own trajectory back to the sea.

Undaunted, he remounted and went at it again. This time he was on the less favorable tack that terminates in the beach. He was unable to make his turn because the surf would upset him at every try. Here he dismounted, turned the board, and set out on the other tack. The second board was only marginally better than the first and he was not able to make much progress to windward. Again, he and board went their separate ways in the turn and he had to catch the board and climb aboard as it tore off on the port tack.

The hazard in all of this is that the bay is very shallow and the bottom is carpeted in coral formations that are beautiful but deadly; one headfirst pitch into this and you will be needing a trip to the hospital. Since this was the doctor putting himself at risk here, I wasn't sure of what would happen if he and the coral collided. I watched him a long time and he seemed to be enjoying himself and not in danger of being killed, and so I took one last look at the yawl and went on my way.

I went down to the harbor where the winds are less since it is on the leeward side of the island; but even here it was blustery in the extreme. A small island freighter of about 175' was attempting to approach the dock by wending her way through the thirty or so yachts anchored there. On the first attempt her bow was blown off and she had to make an interesting, serpentine course through the yachts and back out to make another try. This time the same thing happened only further out; seeing that it was not going to get any better for awhile, she aborted the second attempt and anchored amongst the yachts, quite a feat in itself.

The "dual windsurfer rig" on the cover of the January 15th issue of *Messing About in Boats* was the third of a series of experiments I have been conducting with windsurfer rigs on fixed-masted sailboats.

The first was in Suriname in 1987. Assigned to the American Embassy in Paramaribo, I expected only swamps, ponds, and equatorial calms, and thus took only my 15' one-man Folboat with me. I soon learned, however, that the Suriname River was broad enough and the trade winds consistent enough for practical sailing, and grew frustrated at the lack of both sailboats and of any sailing equipment or hardware on the local market.

We traveled occasionally to the bright lights and shopping emporia of Miami, though, and on one trip I picked up a windsurfer

Adapting Windsurfer Rigs to Sailboats

By Bob Austin

"kiddie rig" with a two-part aluminum mast and a 3 square meter sail, and took it back as baggage. With a rigid deck extension, a mast step, a leeboard, and a thwart across the cockpit coaming, the conversion of the Folboat was complete, and I began sailing the muddy Suriname over the 20-mile stretch from Domburg to the *monding*, where it emptied into the Atlantic.

Five years later, re-assigned stateside, I designed and built the first of the boats in-

tended from the start for a windsurfer rig. It was 10-1/2' open transom decked pram, on which I mounted a one-piece carbon fiber mast and a used 6 square meter mistral sail. Although her bluff bows slowed her considerably in chop, she could go head-to-head with Sunfish and Lasers in flat water.

Launched in June 1995, *Duende*, the Ware Creek 15 cat ketch on the January 15th cover of this publication, and detailed in the accompanying photos, was number three in the series, and my favorite to date.

That boat was followed a year later by *Margolo*, a ketch-rigged cabin cruising version 17-1/2' Staempfli-type modified sharpie. She was the fastest of the fleet. I set out up the York River on an overnight cruise in the waning hours of the September 1996 hurricane, and made six miles against a 2-knot ebb in just under an hour. It was white-knuckle work as she porpoised and submarined over and through the 2' standing waves, but there was no place in the world I would have rather been for that hour.

My most ambitious project to date, *Orion*, a six meter sharpie along the lines of the 15, is now abuilding, with launch planned for early spring 1998.

My experience in rigging and sailing these boats has convinced me that windsurfer equipment offers a practical, efficient, and affordable alternative to traditional sailing rigs.

The adaptation of windsurfer sails offers several advantages to the amateur builder or mess-about hobbyist. They are highly efficient airfoils, and thus provide maximum drive from minimum area. The rigs, with carbon fiber masts and aluminum wishbone booms, are light in weight and, with area spread between two masts, offer less heeling moment than the same area on one tall mast. The sails are aesthetically pleasing and, being fully transparent, provide unlimited visibility to skipper and crew. They are also relatively inexpensive, with used masts but new sails and booms, the 15 was rigged and canvassed for under \$500.

The masts are unstayed and the sails are sheeted in the traditional way. Unlike most traditional rigs, however, each sail/wishbone



Margolo is based on a Chappelle sharpie hull design. As with the pram, I use PVC pipe as a through-deck mast step.

Modern windsurfer booms are cam-clamped to the mast.



Experiment #2 was a decked pram sloop.



boom/mast combination is locked together and rotates as a unit (through 360 degrees with the sheets detached). The sails, once in place, can not be reefed; they can, however, be feathered to the point where they provide almost no drive and offer little drag.

When used as intended, windsurfer masts are stepped on the deck of the board. The main technological hurdle was how to make the sticks long enough to both take the sails and provide sufficient bury for them to stay upright without the benefit of standing rigging or of the sailor holding the boom. This additional length came from laminated oak extensions, rounded over their length, and inserted some 16 to 18 inches into the foot of the hollow masts. They were epoxied into place and sheathed with fiberglass epoxy carried several inches up the mast proper.

In order to allow for even more sail on the sticks without making them permanently longer, I also made a removable laminated wood extension for insertion into the top of the mast.

As for equipment, I have so far found adequate masts on the local used market in Tidewater Virginia. I have had good luck with Pacific Lightwing Sails, available from The House (612) 482-9995/www.the-house.com/thehouse@bitstream.net for catalogue and info. Do not overspend. The lowest priced sails of the size chosen will be fine at the speeds you will reach. The inventory for the 15 consists of 7, 6 and 4.5 sq. meters, offering totals of 13, 11.5 and 10.5 square meters on both masts or, in extreme conditions, any one sail on the mainmast (at a little over 10 sq. feet per sq. meter).

Once the rig assemblies are set up, you simply drop them into place, clip the sheets (I use carabiners) to pad eyes screwed to the booms, and sail away. When beach cruising, I also take the third sail with me to allow for a change ashore if I find myself in drastically new conditions or in case of damage to one of the sails in use. As reefing is not possible, you must decide how much sail the conditions will call for and rig on the beach before launching.

During high sailing season, however, I leave the sails rigged and trailer the boat with the assemblies lashed flat on top. If you plan to spend some time ashore during your sail, and the breeze is reasonably light, you can just unclip the sheets and let the sails stand. If it's breezing up, just remove the sheets, lift the rigs out, and leave them on the beach (lashed to some fixed object!).

Since 100%, flog free feathering (alliteration not intended) is possible, I err on the side of too much sail for prevailing conditions. As it begins to blow, you just use less of the sail area, beginning with the mizzen; this also reduces the natural increase in weather helm that comes with heavier air. If your boat has a skeg of any size, you will find that you can fly the mainsheets, raise the board, and crab across areas of thin water under mizzen alone. Since full rotation of the rigs is possible, the windsurfer ketch is extremely efficient off the wind, wing-and-wing with the booms at 90 degrees and the breeze dead aft, or with one sail or the other well by the lee with the breeze on the quarter.

On the other hand, in extreme downwind conditions you can depower the rig by sheeting both sails to the same side, thus blanketing the main with the mizzen and reducing effective sail area by about half.



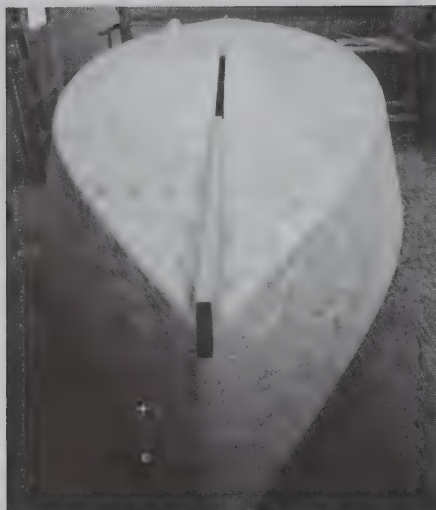
The longbow tiller extension can be reversed for steering from the stern sheets or turned forward for sailing from the gunwale.

I use two sheets on the main and a continuous line on the mizzen, but any number of arrangements are possible.



Duende has neither rocker nor deadrise, but she reaches her hull speed of 5-1/2 knots in 12 knots of breeze.





The 6-meter *Orion* is scheduled for an early spring 1998 launching.

The rigs are surprisingly heavy weather-friendly. I was caught out in a 30-knot squall in the 15 and found that her motion was easy and her inside dry while riding weathercocked to windward with the mainsheets free and the mizzen sheeted home. She drifted slowly astern while I broke out lunch and opened a can of soda. I also found that in the same conditions, as well as in lighter air, she will crab gently across the wind with both sheets free, the camber of the sails still creates a degree of lift when there's no more tension on the sheets than that provided by the weight of the line.

Some tips for rigging and sailing: Don't try to tension the clew outhaul to the point where the forward ends of the battens lie behind the mast; you will set up a pattern of radial wrinkles from the clew to the tack downhaul. In over 6 to 8 knots, the battens will find their way to the leeward side of the sail, in less they may need a hand by skipper or crew snapping the booms to windward.

On the other hand, cinch the tack downhaul as tight as you can.

Since luffing of the hard sail is not apparent, you will need masthead windsocks, a stem-mounted wind indicator, or telltales on the sail proper to gauge the apparent wind.

Don't expose the sails to more sunlight than necessary; i.e., if you can't park the rigged mast-sail combos in the shade when not in use, bag the sails. I learned the hard way that enough sunlight eventually turns flexible mylar into brittle plastic.

I plan to rig the 6-meter *Orion* with a 10 square meter main and a 7-meter mizzen and cruise as much of the Chesapeake as there is time in July this summer. Hope to see some of you out there.

For further information about the windsurfer rigging concept or about the Ware Creek line, contact the author at 4557 Ware Creek Rd., Williamsburg, VA 23188 or at warecreek@aol.com.

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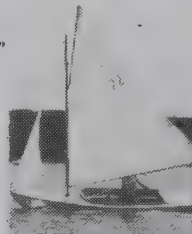
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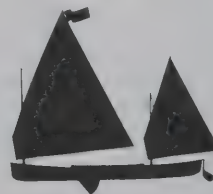
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Snow Row '98

By Bob Hicks



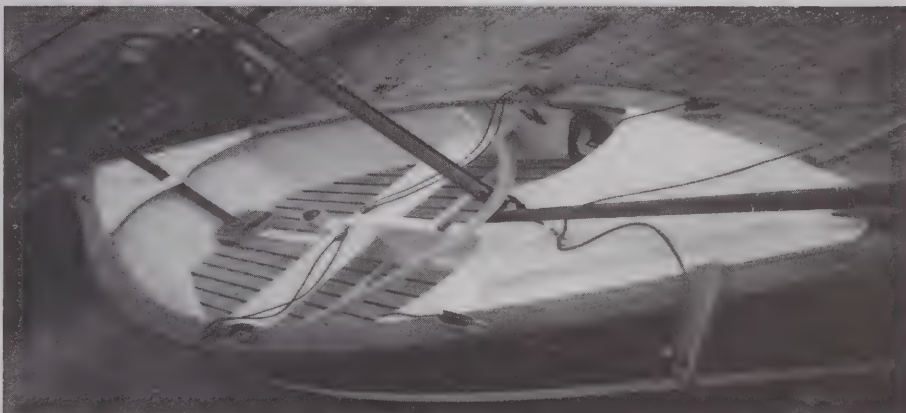
The beach was packed with pulling boats, over 50 of them. The sun shone, the sky was blue, the temperature approaching 50 degrees. On February 28th this was winter? Yes, our benign winter of '97-'98 continued to smile down upon us at the Snow Row in Hull, Massachusetts and the turnout responded. A record entry of boats and a huge crowd of onlookers provided an upbeat sendoff for a new season on the water for our open water rowing enthusiasts.

This year the big boats, a dozen six oared gigs and coxed fours, had their own posted spots on the beach, around which all the smaller craft packed in. After the small stuff was flagged away, the big boats had to launch from the lemans start backwards, and do 180's off the beach before they could get going after the nimbler smaller boats. When it was all over just 30 minutes later, the gig *Saquish* came home an easy winner. The crew, who will be going to England again this year for the Cornish gig races (without *Saquish*, however) thus confirmed their status as the logical choice for this adventure.

Five coxed fours of youth rowing crews took part, Hull's *Sacred Cod* coming home the winner. New York sent up boats from Floating The Apple and Newburgh to face off against the Hull crews. These kids will be taking part in a city circuit this summer between Boston, Providence, New Haven and New York. Two youth crewed gigs went at it also, with Connecticut's Sound School's *Sound* besting Hull's *Port of Boston*.

The 3 man currach of the Boston Currach Club was fastest off the beach and *Saquish* didn't overhaul the fleet craft until halfway down the second leg on the triangular 3.5 mile course, from Sheep Island to the channel day beacon. The currach came home in 33:16, heading the livery class boats.

Fastest boat of the day was Paul Milde's Peinert racing shell. Despite the handicap of being last class to leave (along with the kayaks), Paul overtook everyone except *Saquish* on the water to finish in 27:05, just under 3 minutes faster than *Saquish*.



It was victory again for *Saquish*...

Another fast solo performance was turned in by Paul Neal in his Kaulback built Adirondack Guideboat. Paul, who was top rower in last fall's Oarmaster Trials, turned in a 35:51, an incredible speed for an oar-on-gunwale traditional boat in this race.

Women were out in force (relatively), with an enthusiastic Hull crew in the gig *Pilot* finishing in 36:45, and the perennial Alden double team of Martel and Munro again setting a fast pace. Also to be seen, after many years was the gig *Siren Song*, built a dozen years ago by Larry Dahlmer for the Gloucester (Massachusetts) women's rowing team, the Sirens. That team is long disbanded and scattered and *Siren Song* has sat ashore for many years. Hull's Ed Mc-

Cabe persuaded her caretaker, Jim Schoel of Gloucester, to loan her to Hull for their expanding youth programs. It would have been nice to see her original crew aboard, but this was not to be.

It was all over by early afternoon, with an 11 am start, and as the Hull folks tidied up the beach, a cold impenetrable fog bank rolled in across Windmill Point from offshore, enshrouding all in cold clamminess. Ed McCabe concludes that the fog had been held offshore until the event was over by the spirit of long time race supporter and Alden oarsman, Jack Hubbard, who died while rowing last summer in nearby Cohasset. I think you got it right, Ed. Thank you, Jack.



...with *Kittery* (now owned and crewed by Hull a close second. But there's Paul Milde in his Peinert shell getting in between.

The Boston Currach Club's three man currach led half the race.

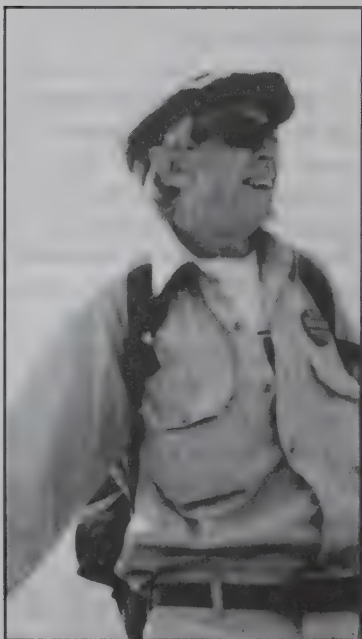




The women who crewed *Pilot* were stoked.



Race organizer Ed McCabe, sporting his usual winter beard, credits the late Jack Hubbard (below) with holding off the fog bank until the race was run.



Siren Song brought back memories of bygone times when she was crewed by her all women crew, the Gloucester Sirens.



The words, "Salvage rights..." floated across the water as this salvor headed out to retrieve this drifting dory.

Big gig, smooth lines.





Paul Neal in his Adirondack Guideboat just heading the Sound School's youth crewed gig *Sound* at the finish, but just about a minute slower on elapsed time.



Nice lineup, solo, triple and six oared gig, a close race to the finish line. The variety of boats makes this event a fascinating exercise in rowing.



Glad to finish; above this doryman heads for the beach and welcoming family, while at right veteran competitor Henry Szostek eases his homebuilt sliding seat shell in to the beach.

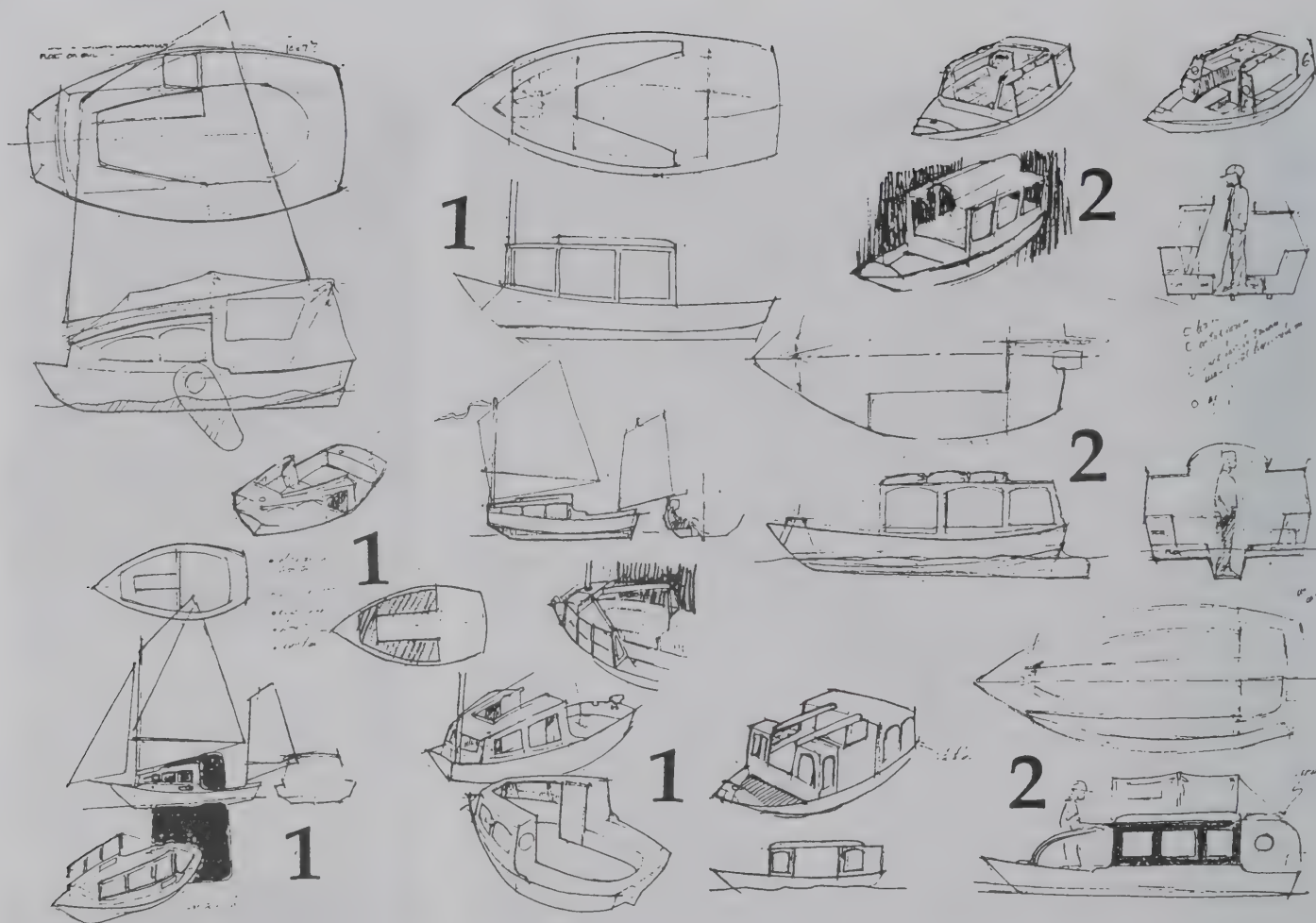


The crew of Saquish won this Sportsman's Trophy at the 1997 World Gig Championships in Cornwall, and return this year determined to get into the thick of it with the best. They are looking for booster support and you can find out more by calling Tim Snow at (781) 585-8417 (home).



Pike Messenger makes some final adjustments to a Rings Island Rowing Club Banks dory.





BOAT DESIGN

1. Designing Green Heron

When I was a kid, I built model airplanes literally by the hundreds, almost all of all of them my own designs because that was the cheapest option. By fourth grade I had discovered that, not only did this approach satisfy something deep in my Scottish soul, but that designing stuff was fun. Lots of fun. I've been a designer, and taught design at good universities, for the past thirty years, so if I don't know something about it, I've sure hoodwinked a lot of personnel committees.

My aim here is to encourage you to design your own craft by describing the design process, and giving the information needed to design the sort of basic craft we are all interested in. (or we wouldn't be reading this magazine)

This will be a four part series.

1. Designing Green Heron: an illustration of design process

2. Boat Drawing: the universal tool for all design

3. Model making: a real useful tool for accurate visualization, and generation of full sized parts

4. Elementary Naval Architecture: basics of boat design.

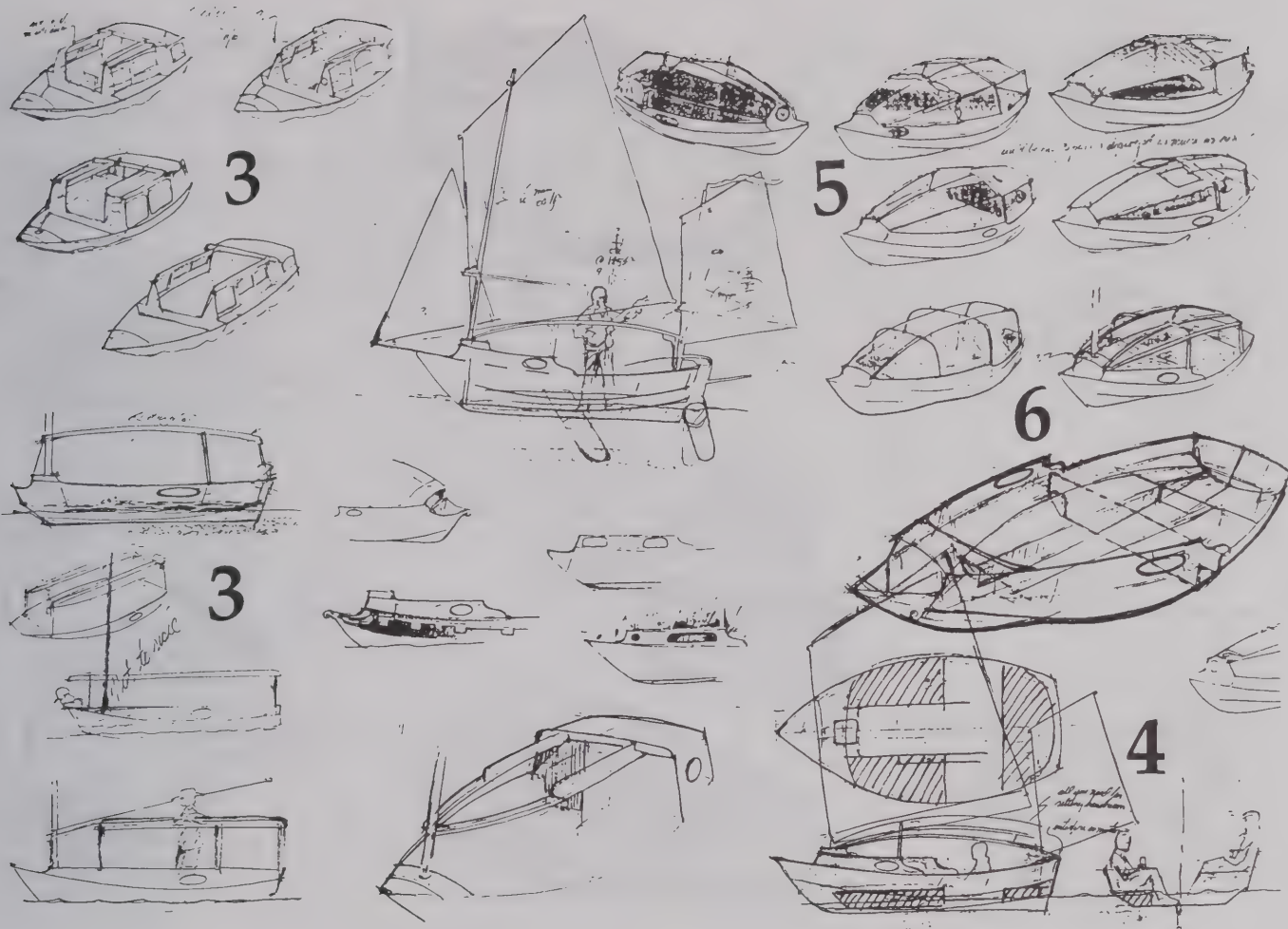
In this article, I'm inviting you to sort of look over my shoulder following the process of designing this boat, the trail of false starts and bad ideas illustrated in the drawings. It's *always* that way with any design of *anything*. It stands to reason. If you make a hundred drawings, only the last one will get built, so all the rest are failures, but they are a necessary part of the process of generating the ideas that are *successes*.

Actually, this might be the first time I've seen actual *working* drawings published. All the others I've seen have been descriptions of a finished ideas not recordings of how an idea developed. One of my main themes in teaching is that design consists of spewing out lots of ideas. Not necessarily *good* ideas, just lots of them. It's easy to weed out the bad ones later.

The subject, used here to illustrate the design process, will be the design of a minimal device (best to try not to think of it as a boat yet) to allow two people to spend a few days living on a somewhat protected body of water, maybe in the Adirondacks, or one of finger lakes. It's an idea which has fascinated me for years. It had to be stable and comfortable, suggesting a wide beam and flat bottom. This conflicts with the dictates of naval architecture, but my experience with *Moondance* (a 11'3" car-toppable, sleep aboard sailboat for two), and *Loonfeather*, (a 40 lb portable sleep-aboard, again for two), has assured me that the price paid in performance, speed over the water, pointing etc., would be very low. *Very* low.

All designs are compromises. With boats, you start with naval architecture, and compromise the design to fit people. This boat has it all backward. It started with the people and compromised their needs as little as possible to satisfy those of naval architecture. Now both of these requirements are super important, so after a few millennia, the balance has settled down into something like what we call a boat. But if you do it backwards, put the people first, the emphasis is a little different in subtle ways, and that little difference can make a big difference in how the design works.

In a pleasure boat, the quality of peoples' experience on the



water is more important than the traditional measures of performance such as speed and pointing, because this experience is why you're on the water in the first place.

Size here was determined by one of the requirements which was that it had to provide for a porta-potti with reasonable privacy. (Even if it is never used, or even purchased, the possibility changes how you think about the boat.)

The resulting size was a little bigger than that needed to satisfy the other important requirements such as:

- extreme stability so you would never even think of capsizing
- storage for a few days worth of stuff, clothing, books, camcorder, wife, fiddle, food etc.
- variable shelter for shade, weather protection, privacy,
- easy boarding over bow and sides
- reasonable comfort and roominess in bad weather
- good, but not necessarily flashing, performance
- provision for standing up and walking around comfortably playing your bagpipes

I started thinking of this boat as a little house (1) that you could sail, or motor. (Actually I want it to sail fairly well), but the emphasis is definitely on living on a nice piece of water, and not on getting there. And the day's voyage might be only a half mile down the lake where it's shadier, or there's different wildlife or a better view of the moonrise.

It was to be a minimal system for two people to live comfortably on the water for a few days, completely independent of land if you want. I've had lots of experience with this sort of minimal sleep-aboard cruising, so I know what a kick it can be. But my two previous boats were limited in that there was no room for a head, so you weren't really free of the land.

Comfort and minimal size aren't as contradictory as you might think. A year or so ago I had a situation where once a week it made sense for me to sit all day in a car. Bummer! But I loved it. I had a nice place to park in the woods by a stream. I had binoculars for birds, books, musical instruments, food, a tape player, writing and design gear etc. etc. I had far less space than in a small boat and I had a ball!

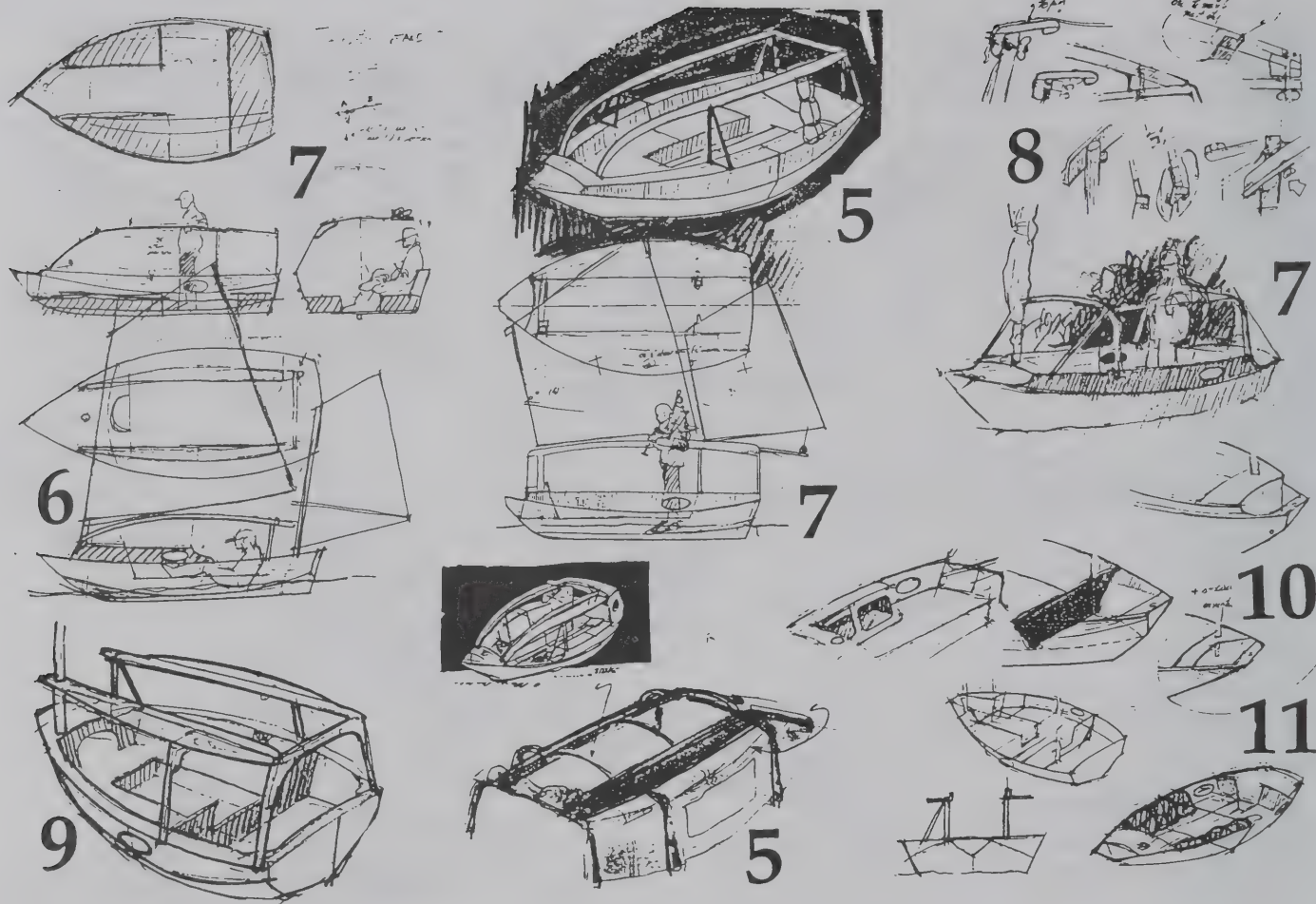
The idea of minimalism troubled me at first because it's a sort of knee-jerk reaction with me. I tend to think *most* things should be minimal, but once a boat is big enough to require a trailer, (I hate boat trailers) it doesn't make too much difference how big it is, at least up to several hundred pounds. Yet it didn't seem possible to car-top the sort of sailing houseboat I was thinking about. So maybe minimalism didn't make all that much sense here. This is one of the many issues that are often best noted, but ignored. You'll know more about it later in the design process, and you can deal with it then.

Since the emphasis was on living minimally, but comfortably, early designs were mostly cabin with lots of windage. You might sail downwind or on a reach, but use a motor to go upwind.

Having to divide up a small boat into cabin and cockpit doesn't leave much room for either. It would be nice to have a bulkhead giving some rigidity and privacy for the head, but no matter what I tried, the view forward was badly blocked, and that view is one of the prime reasons for being on the water in the first place. Moving the cabin aft with the largest possible opening forward, solves this problem, and gives a greater feeling of space. (2)

I always alternate between perspective drawings, which best show what the idea looks like, and rough three view scale drawings which show reasonably accurate sizes. Otherwise you can spend a lot of time refining some ideas that turn out to need more space than you have. It's *real* easy to fool yourself. (The voice of experience speaking here.)

The cabin should have as much roof area open as possible so you can stand up and move around. (3) If you can do this with the cabin structure acting as a solid railing, a small boat will feel much bigger. *Moondance* is stable enough to comfortably sail standing up, and it's a pleasant change of posture and view, but with only the tiller for support, it always feels a little uncertain.



Another legacy from *Moondance* is the basic structural scheme consisting of large flotation tanks (4) along the sides with open foot space down the center. These tanks act as big torsion boxes giving a very light but rigid hull in addition to lots of flotation. The tops of these tanks, with panels spanning between, form a sitting and sleeping deck up out of whatever wetness there might be in the bottom.

About this time I realized that this cabin with its large openings was really just a framework for attaching enclosing panels, (5) which could be fabric as easily as solid material. For a craft which is meant for sheltered waters, and where you would have plenty of time to rig whatever shelter you need, fabric panels give a lot of flexibility, since you can rig only the panels you want. The head doesn't need a solid bulkhead, but can be enclosed with a curtain, as it often is in the cabins of small boats.

It also suggests that this structure might be detachable which further suggests that the boat might usually sailed without it, (I had always assumed that the main use of a boat like this would be as a day sailer), and with this structure removed, the hull might be reduced to car toppable weight. Eureka!

The frame/rail would provide:

1, a secure railing for standing and moving around, and;

2, a frame for attaching panels for varying degrees of shelter and/or privacy.

24

For a long time I was intrigued by raised sides forward forming a sort of open cabin. (6) I liked how it looked, it would give spray protection, and it seemed functional with a superstructure, but it always bothered me.

As a designer, I'm always suspicious of an idea which looks nice but bothers me. I finally realized that this open cabin didn't really give me anything that the superstructure with appropriate fabric panels wouldn't give. Also the porthole was in the wrong place for seeing out. I tried lots of proportions for this thing and found that by extending it all the way aft, it was no longer a "sort of" cabin, but simply a higher freeboard, and now a porthole could be right where you wanted it when lying down. (7)

The porthole is unique for a boat of this size. It's at eye level when you're lying down, so the last you see going to sleep, and the first you see waking up is your own private seascape (or marshscape). It also expresses the unique character of this craft; a small boat with sleep-aboard capabilities. If a design is unique it should look unique. I like the porthole, but it too bothers me. It's a direct violation of boat design rule #173 "don't make holes in the boat".

While defining the overall form of an idea, you also have to design any trivial little detail that might cause trouble. (8) For instance, if the frame couldn't be conveniently but positively attached to the hull, the whole idea wouldn't make sense. Without paying attention to the

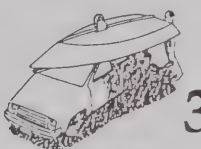
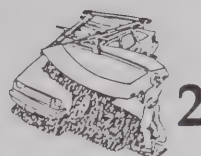
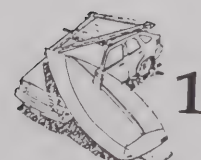
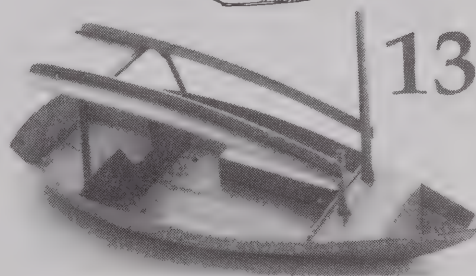
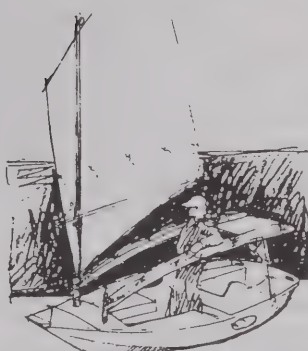
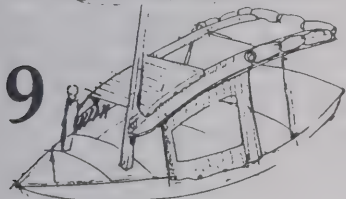
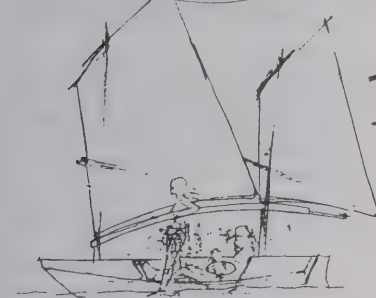
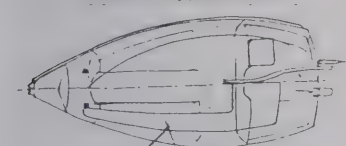
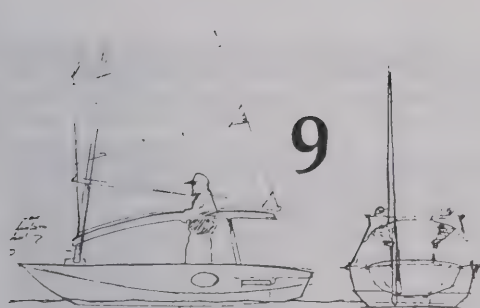
details as you go, it's easy to design your way into a corner.

This "smart rail" system, in which the superstructure functions equally as railing and shelter frame, should have enough open space down the middle for two people to walk past each other, but no more. This keeps standing activity near the center of the boat, and allows comfortable leaning on the railings without heeling the boat, but doesn't block the view any more than necessary. A railing height of about 38" above the tank tops gives comfortable sitting headroom, and enough opening to board over the sides.

I want to be able to nose up on a beach and step ashore, dry shod, over the bow, so the mast is offset enough to get past without tipping the boat. (9) To facilitate this, I went through all sorts of pram bows (10), but I just don't like them. They make for a shorter boat, but in a potentially car toppable boat, weight is the issue, not length. I finally realized that you only need enough flat space to securely put a foot while stepping ashore.

The idea now starts to come together with the combination of the raised freeboard, "smart" rails, ease of standing and moving about, boarding over the bow, and a reasonably private head.

The hull form has some unresolved problems. The lively spring of the strake joint, (Is this the right term?) relieves the potentially boxy feel of the straight



sheer, but is a little more complex to build. I like things to be as simple as possible, so this unnecessary, if minor, complication doesn't sit quite right. I built two four foot hulls, identical except that one had simple one piece sides, and one had a chine strake. The slightly more complex chine strake design is a little closer to the ideal rounded form, so should be a little more efficient. But towing the two, and carefully measuring resistance, didn't show any difference at all. I decided to go for the more complex form anyway. You can't be rational all the time. I suppose it's flatter angle at the waterline should be a little better for keeping the spray down.

I'm thinking of a system of fabric storage packs to contain waterproof canoe bags along the bulkheads (11) for dry storage. Most storage will be aft of the seat back, and under the mast partner deck. The self draining anchor well will provide isolated storage for wet stuff.

The rig is still undecided, but it probably won't make much difference. A ketch rig, with two smaller sails would lower the center of effort a little, and the second mast makes the rail structure a little solidier. (12) But it's more complex, costs a little more, and with the crew's normal sailing position, sitting facing forward, it would require constant neck twisting to check the set of the mizzen sail. More recent ideas have the rails sloping down forward (you don't need railing or as much headroom forward) so that the center of effort of the mainsail

is lowered. With this arrangement, the ketch rig doesn't lower the center of effort all that much. Simplicity will probably win out here.

At this point, I ran into a major headache. I realized that stepping the mast off center on the forward end of the flotation tank might not give enough bury. (the distance between mast step and the mast partner) You don't want to compromise here, but moving the mast step to the bottom at the chine necessarily makes the boat longer and therefore heavier. Bad news.

Time to build a scale model. (13) (1in.=1ft. is convenient) Nobody ever gets good enough at drawing to be able to visualize a complex shape like this as well as you can with a model. Besides, you can generate reasonably accurate full sized patterns from a model, so for me, models are a really useful step between drawings and the full sized boat. And they're fun. If the whole process isn't fun, why bother? I'll do a short piece in an upcoming *Messing* on my model building process.

The post supporting the front end of the starboard railing had been positioned about a foot forward of the mast to give a better hand grip for boarding (14), but the model confirmed my suspicions that the step for this post would be complex and weak, so the post was moved back even with the mast.

After studying the model, I decided that I would just have to live with the

extra length (weight) because I really wanted the capacity to board over the bow. I'm hoping that weight will still allow car-topping. I now car-top a 17ft, 150 lb. boat, (I have a system that makes this easy) (15) and this boat should still be lighter than 150 lbs. We'll see after it gets built.

We'll see a lot of things after it gets built. There's no way to know for sure if a design works till you use it. There are still have lots of questions that can't be answered with drawings or models. Can you comfortably board over this bow? If not, should I truncate it? Move the mast back where it belongs? Will the off-center mast feel odd? Does that porthole make sense? Can you operate a motor from this sitting position? etc.etc. I started building a few days ago, so these questions should be answered by spring.

I'd welcome any comments or suggestions, either in *Messing*, or sent to Box 670, Vestal, NY. 13851 607-754-6305. or thomson@binghamton.edu

Somebody who'd been sailing one of our BRICK Class 8' x 4' punts asked if it would be feasible to give the boat a gaff rig that could be sailing reefed. The designed rig is a sprit-boom leg o' mutton with no halyard, and the designed mast is too slender at the top to stand the downward pull of a halyard. Also, a triangular sail with a long boom shifts its area forward when it's deeply reefed, producing an inefficient or even dangerous lee helm.

The gaff sail sketched here is bigger than the leg o' mutton, and set higher to get the boom over the heads of the crew and to allow room for a vang under the boom. BRICKs are still boats and like lots of sail. With the exaggerated depth of leeboard and rudder shown on the plans, they're very weatherly and handy boats, though there's no way short of towing them to drive them much more than 3-1/2 knots. At that speed there's a noisy bow wave and a rolling wake, good sport if distance made good is not important.

In the original design, the mast is stepped against one side of the square box hull with the sprit boom sheeted to the corner of the transom. With the boom conventionally placed on the foot of the sail for conventional reefing, the sheet needs a traveler and the boom needs

Bolger on Design

Gaff Rig for BRICK Class Sailing Punt

a vang. Without them the boom will cock up, the sail will belly, and the gaff will sag. The boat wouldn't point high close-hauled and would be prone to roll and yaw before the wind. To fit the horse for the traveler, and to give the vang room to swing, the mast has to be moved over to the boat centerline with a strong partner plank and a reinforced step. The centered mast looks better to most people, and doesn't heel the boat more on one tack than the other. It's also more convenient to have the sail well inside the boat while a reef is being tied in.

The drill for reefing a catboat used to be: 1. Slack out the sheet until the whole sail is luffing with wind abeam. 2. Set up the weather topping lift to take the weight of the boom. 3. Drop the peak of the gaff to horizontal. 4. Bring the boom in over the lee quarter. 5. Lower the throat until the desired reef tack earing can be lashed down to the boom. 6. Haul down the clew earing to the appropriate point on the boom. With the arrangement indicated, with the clew earings kept rove and brought in along the boom, this can be done at the mast, or even from abaft the mast, instead of hanging out over the stern to reach the clew grommet. 7.

Tie down all the reef points in any order you like. ("Points" in medieval times were the laces that attached doublet to hose; that is, held up the pants. It's important to know this, otherwise you miss the point (!) of the joke in Act II, Scene IV of Shakespeare's Henry IV. Part I.) 8. Slack out the sheet, raise and peak the sail, slack the topping lift, and fill the sail.

All this actually went a lot faster than it reads. Big cats used to do it in the middle of a race, gaining more from having the most efficient area of sail than they lost by stopping the boat. The main problem was that the boat lay beam to the sea through the operation, and without a gallows (which wasn't customary) it was hard to hold the boom steady against the rolling. Nowadays sails can be built so strong that the reef points aren't very necessary, though they make the operation more shipshape looking.

Incidentally, BRICKs, as designed, built of 1/4" plywood, won't stand very hard driving under sail. They first distort under the stress and can eventually come apart. But strengthening for harder sailing duty is easy. Added weight doesn't hurt their sailing, but does make them more expensive and a lot less convenient to carry around out of the water. The thin-skinned boats in heavier fir-ply weight up to 90 lbs., with the lighter Okume beefing them up to 3/8" might add relatively little to that, while on the other extreme 1/2" fir would become rather too much. Then again, we hear of people using nylon/rubber wheels on their transom and "do the wheel-barrow thing," with the wheels even acting as bad skegs.


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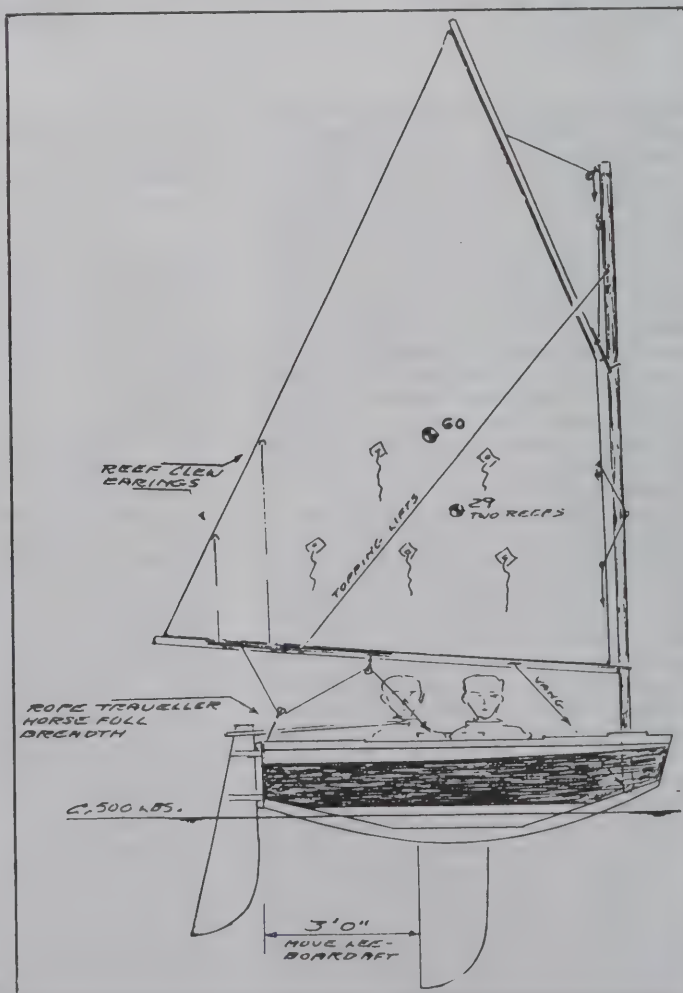
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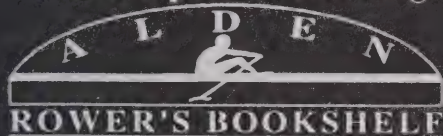
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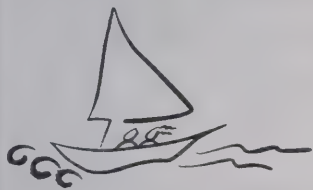
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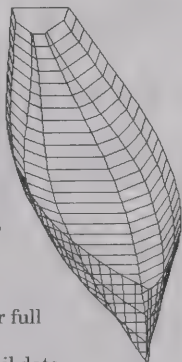
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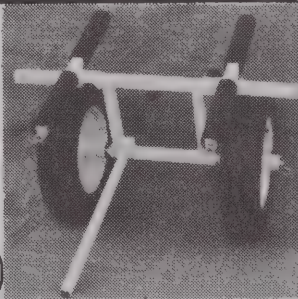
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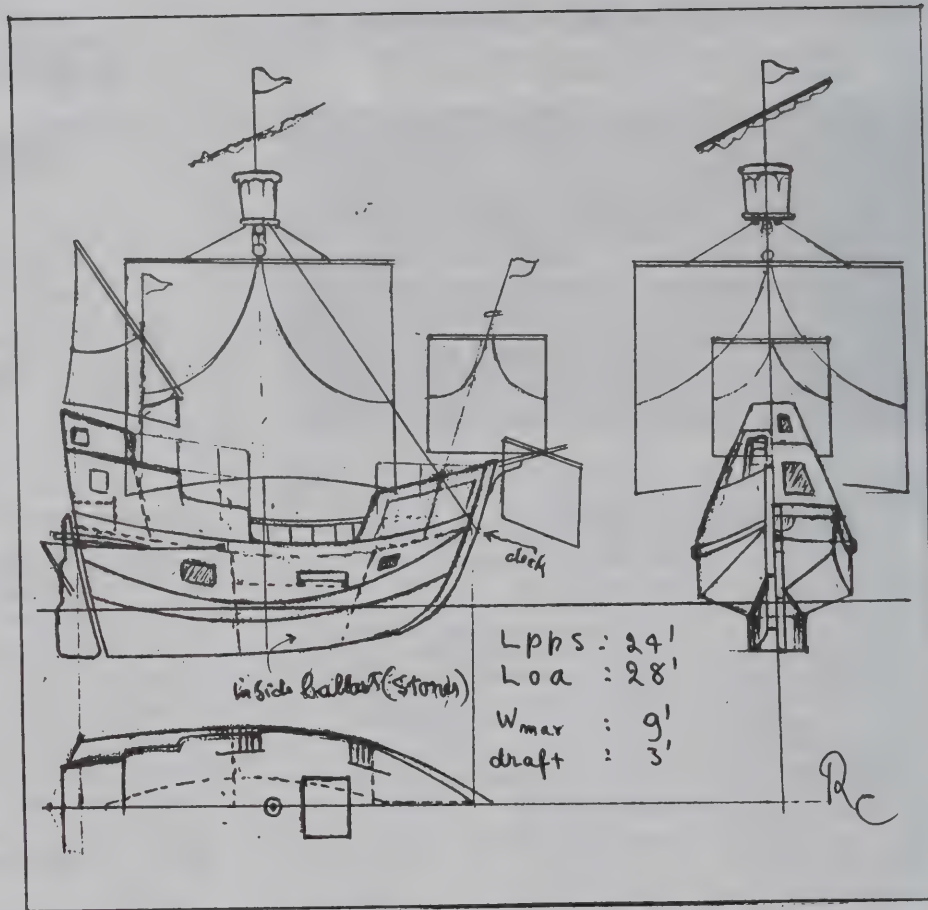
Who hasn't in his daydreams stood at the helm of the vessel instrumental in breaking open the petrified civilizations of two continents, peering into the swirling morning mists, wondering what shores unknown the rising sun will reveal?

Wouldn't it be fun to try out that rig? I have shown her with a Bolgerian box keel. Not only would that give good room for a load of stones as ballast, but, as shown, you would have some standing room under the aft deck.

That kind of glorified cupboard at the stern I have called the captain's bed, as the open structure that takes its place on Arabian dhows is called, and used, that way. No doubt this was true on the *Santa Maria*.

At twenty-four feet this is not beyond the backyard builder and can still be categorized as a small boat. Note that the actual boat, stripped of its superstructure (which makes it 28'), is between the perp lines. I gave it a deep center cockpit to give you a feeling of security when wind and waves act up.

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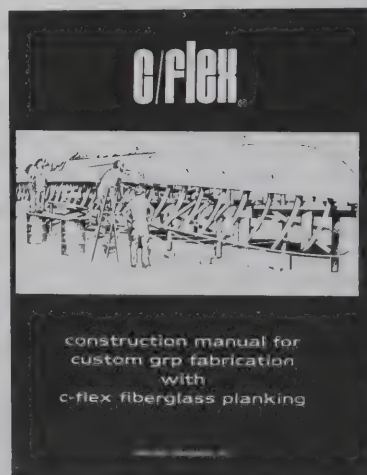
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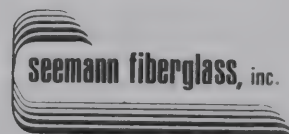
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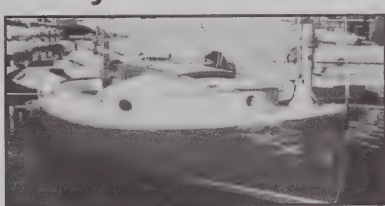
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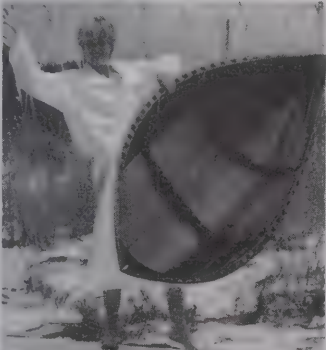


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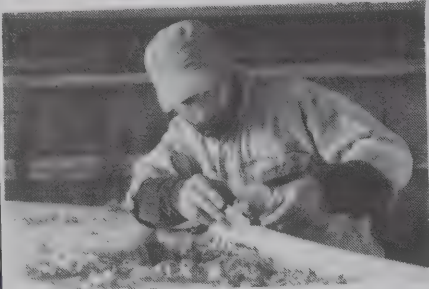
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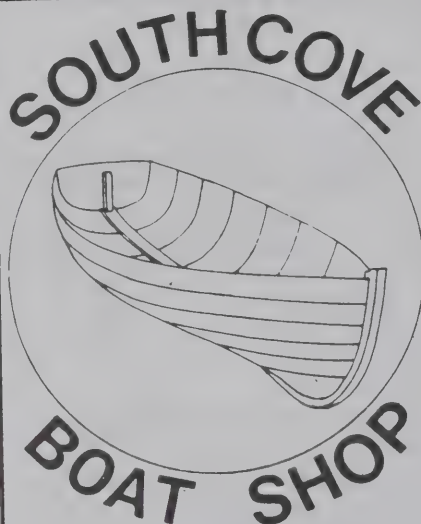
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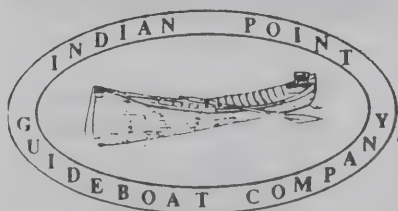
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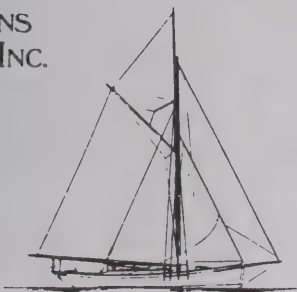


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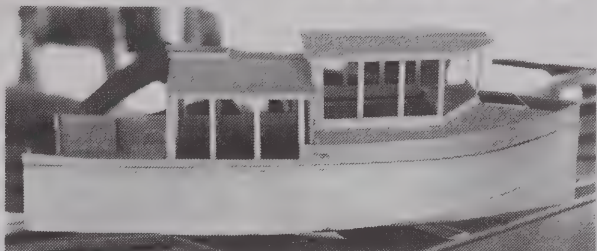


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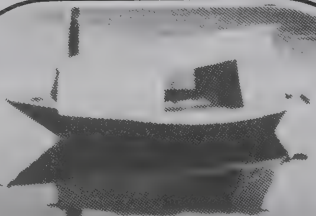
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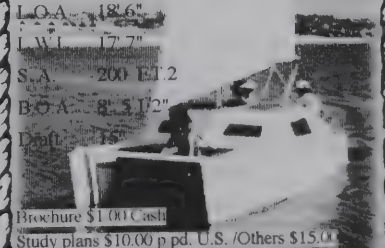
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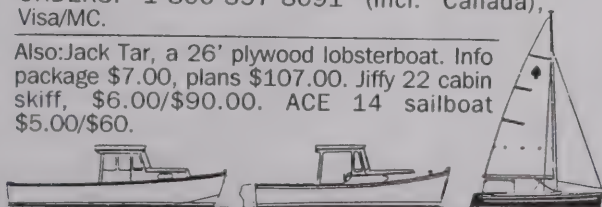
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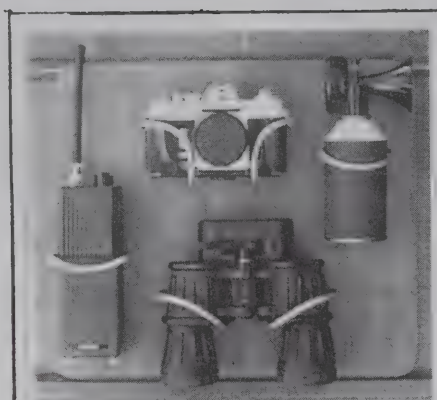
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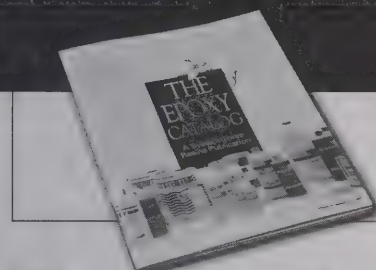
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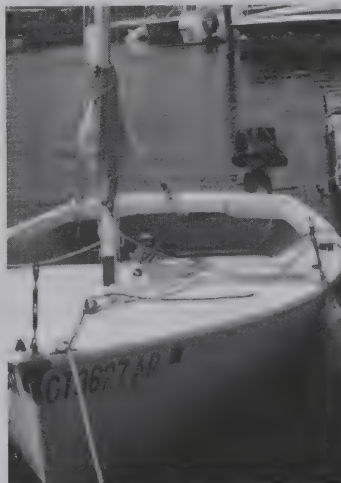
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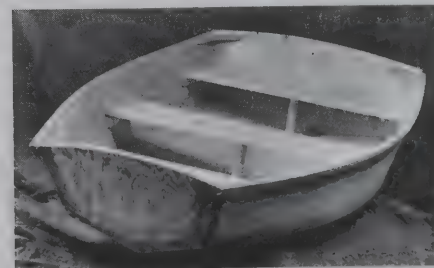


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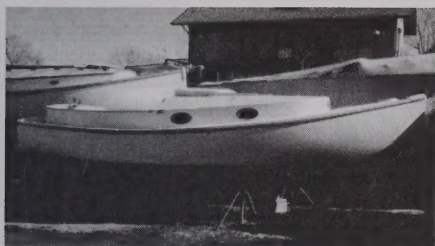
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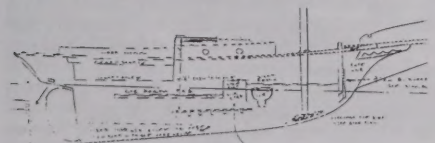
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Alden Ocean Shell & Oarmaster Parts, box of nuts, bolts, 2 sets seat wheels, 2 wrenches, pair foot straps, misc SS/alum pcs, 3 oarlocks, outrigger stiffener kit, rail tape, butt pads. X-Oarcriser rowing kit (worth several hundred \$\$'s) attaches to Oarmaster for indr rowing. 2 pr oar buttons, 1 grip, 3 pr pogies (hand covers). Splash guard for Alden dbl. All for \$150.

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'97 **Yamaha 20hp OB**, longshaft, 10 hrs use. \$2,475. '92 **Evinrude 6hp OB**, longshaft, 20 hrs use. \$750. **GENE HICKEY**, Glastonbury, CT, (860) 633-8157. (23)

Carlisle Kayak Paddles, new, 2 knockdown 2 position yellow, no drip collars. Both for \$25. **PAUL MOGAN**, PO Box 460, N. Scituate, MA 02060, (781) 545-9087. (23)

Origo Alcohol Stove, 1 burner, used twice, as new. First \$75. **PAUL ROSSMANN**, Charleston, SC, (803) 723-3213. (23)

Volvo Penta MD-5A, single cyl 15hp IB. Runs well, recently rblt. many extra parts incl 2nd block & starter. \$1,200. **PHIL CARLING**, Hingham, MA, (781)-749-3637. (23)

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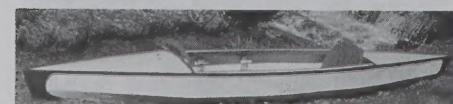
Trailer, for Corinthian keelboat, similar to Cape DoryTyphoon. **TOM PICHIERRI**, PO Box 95, Pittsburgh, NH 03592. (23)

Small Steamer, for bending ribs & stems. **BOB FALES**, PO Box 418, Damariscotta, ME 04543, (207) 563-8883. (23)

BOOKS & PLANS FOR SALE

Tom McGrath's Short Tales, boxful found during recent cross country move. Readers of Tom's bygone series of adventures with his Townie and the *Damn Foole* in this magazine interested in purchasing one of these amusingly illustrated 8-1/2"x 11" bound books, may do so by sending check for \$12 payable to the undersigned (Tom's daughter). Proceeds will help fund Tom's next adventure at sea. **ERIN RUOCCO**, 5066 W. Kingbird St., Tucson, AZ 85742. (TF)

From My Old Boat Shop, Weston Farmer's great book republished with added Farmer material. \$49.95 +\$3 S&H, or send SASE for descriptive bulletin. **WESTON FARMER ASSOCIATES**, 18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391. (TF)



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'50's **OB Motor Book**, '50's marine supply catalogs, Martin OB manuals. **DON THOMAS**, Beaufort, SC, (803) 846-8383. (23)

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GLEN-L, Box 1804/MA8, 9152 Rosecrans, Bellflower, CA 90707-1804. MC/VISA 562/630 6258, fax 562/630 6280, www.glen-l.com. (TF)

Small Boat Journal, Numbers 24-33, 35-39, 41-49, 51-52, 54-65, 67-72 all in gd cond. \$135 plus postage. **DAVID BAUMER**, Virginia Beach, VA, (757) 363-0262. (24)

Books I Intend To Sell, some old, some new. "OLB" means "Old Library Book". *After 50,000 Miles*, Hal Roth, '77, good. \$6. *American Merchant Seaman's Manual*, Cornell Press, '42, ok. \$10. *As the Sailor Loves the Sea*, Ballard Hadman, '51, OLB. \$2. *Away From It All*, Sloan Wilson, '69, OLB. \$2. *Blue Jacket Manual*, US Navy, '60, some stains. \$10. *Boat Building Manual*, Robert Steward, '94, new. \$20. *British Sea Fishermen*, Anson, '44, OLB. \$1. *Canoes and Canoeing*, Blandford, '68, OLB. \$1. *Friendship Sloops*, Roger Duncan, '85, new. \$15. *Frugal Yachting*, Larry Brewer, '94, new. \$9. *Meander to Alaska*, Irving Petite, '60, OLB. \$1. *Modern Marine Pipefitting*, Cornell Press, '42, jacket torn. \$10. *Return to the Sea*, William A. Robinson, '72, good. \$10. *Self Steering*, A.Y.R.S., '67, OLB. \$1. *Steel Boatbuilding*, Thomas Colvin, '92, new. \$15. *The Walkabouts-A Family at Sea*, Mike Saunders, '75, OLB. \$2. *The Thousand Dollar Yacht*, Anthony Bailey, '68, ok. \$5. *The White Voyage*, John Christopher, '75. \$1. *The Last Sailors*, Hollender & Mertz, '84, new. \$10. *The Cure and Feeding of Sailing Crew 2nd Ed.*, Pardey, '95, new. \$12. *The Distant Shore*, Jan De Hartog, '52, jacket ok. \$2. *The Voyage of the MIR-EL-LAH*, Lorenzo Richiardi, '80, good. \$10. *The Little Ark*, Jan De Hartog, OLB. \$1. *The Rigger's Locker*, Brion Toss, '92, new. \$12. *Two Around Cape Horn*, Hal Roth, '78, good. \$7. Prices do not include shipping. **DON REXER**, 6518 Allwood Dr., North Little Rock, AR 72118, (501) 758-3888 aft 7pm CST. (23)

\$200 Sailboat, 15'6"x4'6". Plans w/compl directions, \$20. Info SASE.

DAVE CARNELL, 322 Pages Creek Dr., Wilmington, NC 28405. (TF)

Wooden Boat, 25 issues, #86, #90 - #113. All in exc cond. \$75ppd.

RICHARD KNIGHT, Naples, FL, (207) 642-4051. (23)

Cockleshell Kayak Plans, 12', 23lbs, bld in 3 wknds. \$35pp.

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EPOCH PRESS, P.O. Box 3047, San Rafael, CA 94912. (97P)

Row to Alaska by Wind & Oar, new book about adventure of retired couple rowing up Inside Passage to Alaska. Reviewed in March 15, 1995 issue. \$12 postpaid.

NANCY ASHENFELTER, 3915 "N" Ave., Anacortes, WA 98221. (TF)

The Bristol Channel Flatner, (see article in this issue). Blueprints & cutting list of the Bristol Channel "Flatie" are available for \$45US.

RALPH TOWNLEY, Box 516, Marion, MA 02738 or Friends of the Flatner, PO Box 6, Watchet, Somerset, TA 23 OBT, England. (23)

I Hear You Bought a Boat, Tom Shaw's book written for the new boat owner, though veterans may glean some useful info. Give a copy to a friend just starting out in boating. \$3 incl mailing.

TOM SHAW, 3915 Appleton Way, Wilmington, NC 28412, (910) 395-1867. (TF)

BOOKS & PLANS WANTED

Wanted Books & Plans: Boat Plans, preferred rolled; nautical books, soft & hard, gd cond; hunting & fishing books; old boating magazines, *Rudder*, *Motor Boating*; *Motor Boating* "Ideal Series Books"; nautical charts; boat models, any cond, no plastic.

THE BOAT HOUSE, 15 State St., Newburyport, MA 01950, (508) 462-2072. (TFP)

Sailboat Sales Brochures, before '90. Pearson, Hans Christian, O'Day, Baba, etc. Pay "top dollar"! Also back issues of *Nautical Quarterly*, *Practical Sailor*, & annual boat and equipment guides. **DON THOMAS**, 130 Bay Pines Rd., Beaufort, SC 29902, (803) 846-8383, (803) 521-9097. (23)

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IVER LOFVING, after May 10, Box 366, Swan's Island, ME 04685, (207) 526-4121, (207) 773-9505. (TF)

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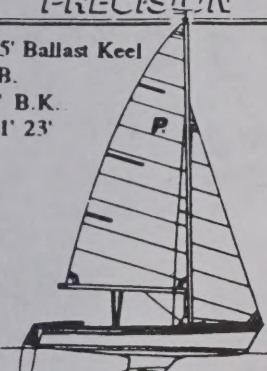
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Wooden Boat Workshop of Door County offers boat bldg shop space, advice & assistance. \$250/wk plus plans & materials. 2 person teams encouraged, second person half price. Bld to design of your choice. WOODEN BOAT WORKSHOP OF DOOR COUNTY, 4865 Court Rd., Egg Harbor, WI 54209, (920) 868-3955. (2P)

Bungalow Style Cottage, 2 br on Chincoteague Island, VA. Fully furnished, 1 block from ICW. \$68,900. Call for info sheet & details. DENTON ORTMAN, 20 Maple Rd., York, PA 17403, (717) 741-1848, email: denny@juno.com (24)

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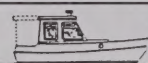
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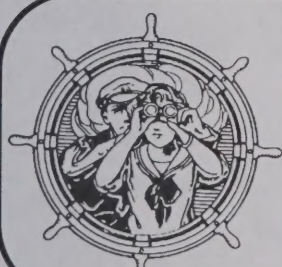
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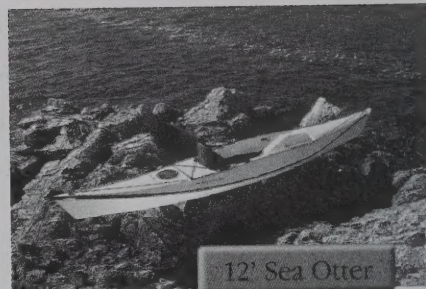
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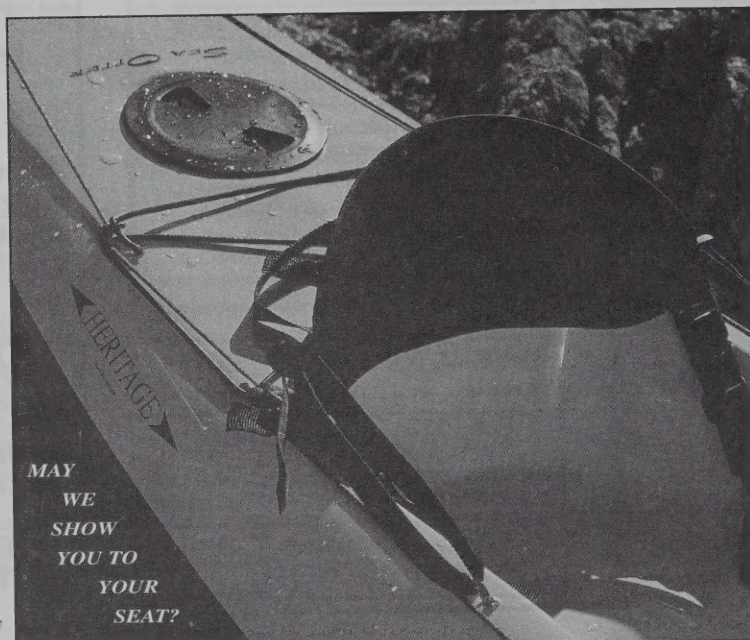
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